

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 11, 1971 \$3.00 U.S.

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USHER'S GREEN STRIPE SCOTCH

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Contents

OCTOBER 11, 1971 Volume 35, No. 15

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

18 Pride in the Red Jersey

That is what Alabama had lost, but now that Bear Bryant has reverted to muscle football, the Tide is up

22 Those Seventh-Inning Blues

Vido and Oakland suffered them, and the Orioles thought the suffering was just delightful

26 No Paralysis Is the Analysis

Instinct not intelligence is the key to a good defense, but a little luck helps, too. Ask Pittsburgh's Steelers

32 New Awakening in Orr Land

Hoping to make their sons into a Bruin like Bobby, U.S. fathers rise before dawn to hustle their Pee Wees to rinks

38 Grim Reapers of the Land's Bounty

A rural poet indicts the violators of Mother Nature—men who deer hunt with jacklights and fish with gang hooks

73 Swift Happening at the Glen

The U.S. Grand Prix was both Woodstock-on-wheels and a big first victory for a young Frenchman

90 The Man Cut Out for the Job

The role of peacemaker in a Carolina city on edge with racial tensions fell to the high school football coach

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 12 Scorecard | 81 Horse Racing |
| 63 People | 85 Baseball |
| 64 College Football | 105 For the Record |
| 73 Motor Sports | 106 19th Hole |

18

22

26

32

38

73

90

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Credits on page 105

Next week

THE WORLD SERIES begins, and the question is who can beat that American League pitching? Ron Fimrele describes the opening skirmishes between baseball's champions.

HOCKEY'S newly affluent warriors open a season rich with promise. Mark Mulvey scouts the teams and Jack Olson has a conversation with Ken Dryden, Montreal's miracle goalie.

PATS OR PATSIES, Boston or New England, winning or losing, the Patriots have Plunkett, a plumbing problem and a player who was a Duncyland dwarf—by Robert H. Boyle.

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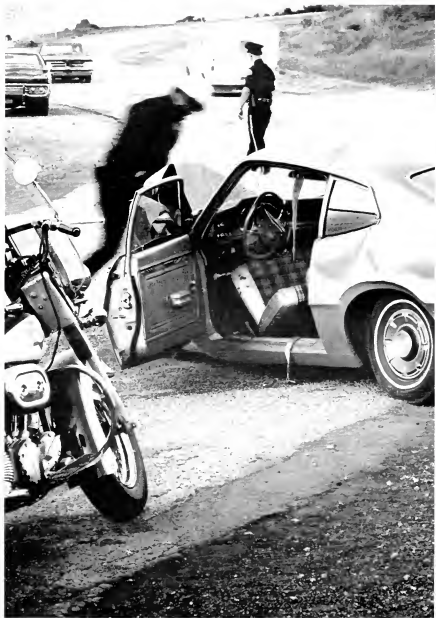
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BOOKTALK

An enlarged version of an angling classic exemplifies the new sports policy at Crown

Some years ago a book editor used to play an amusing and often acid-verbal game of equating publishing houses with colleges. It went something like this: Harper's was Harvard, Doubleday Ohio State, Random House UCLA, Simon & Schuster NYU, and Crown, well, night school at Temple. That last rating surely would be different today, especially for anyone with outdoor enthusiasms. Within the past year Crown has turned out a remarkable number of fishing and hunting books known as "Sportsmen's Classics," and as a result the publishing house has taken on a new luster, at least for the likes of me.

The man responsible is Nick Lyons, a 39-year-old angler and father of four whose professional pace—besides editing at Crown, Lyons is an assistant professor of English at Hunter College in Manhattan—must leave little time for sleep. He joined Crown as a proofreader seven years ago, and has since become an author, with an appealing, humorous memoir, *The Seasonable Angler*, published by Funk and Wagnall.

As a keen student of angling and its literature since boyhood (his grandfather owned a hotel in the Catskills), Lyons knew that certain books published a generation ago were bringing high prices from out-of-print specialists, even though the books had been "remaindered"—that is, sold at huge discounts in bookstores. Last year when Lyons was promoted to executive editor at Crown he began his Sportsmen's Classics series. Among his projects so far, Lyons has had Crown bring out new versions of Vincent Mammari's *A Modern Dry-Fly Code*—which had been selling at \$50 for an out-of-print, limited, leather-bound edition—for \$10 and Preston Jennings' *A Book of Trout Flies* for \$7.50. Both books are now in their third printings. Lyons pulled off another coup when he had Crown secure the rights to reprint and revise *Art Fiel's New Streamside Guide to Nature and Their Inhabitants*, originally published by Putnam. The Crown version has sold more than 20,000 copies at \$4.95 each. Still another revised reprint that has done well for Lyons and Crown is James E. Leisenring and Vernon S. Hidy's *The Art of Tying the Wet Fly and Fishing the Flybox* (\$4.50).

One of the new books in the Sportsmen's Classics series is a first-rate anthology, *Fisherman's Bowery* (\$6.95), which Lyons himself compiled and edited. He also commissioned several pieces for it, including the arresting "Blue Dun" by Frank Mele. Rhythmic and symphony orchestra violinist. Other originals in the series are Frank Woolner's *Grouse and Game Hunting* (\$7.50) and the startling *Selective Trout* (\$6.95) by Douglas

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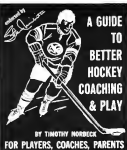
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BOOKTALK

Swinher, a salesman, and Carl Richards, a dentist, who have developed no-hackle flies. Within two weeks the whole first printing of 7,500 copies was sold out. Since then another 7,500 have been sold.

The latest book in the series, published this September, is perhaps Crown's jewel: Spense Grey Hackle's *Fishless Days: Angling Nights* (\$7.50), an expanded version of the author's *Fishless Days*, first printed in a limited edition by the Anglers' Club of New York in 1954 and worth as much as \$150 in the out-of-print market.

Spense Grey Hackle is the pen name of Alfred W. Miller, a former reporter for *The Wall Street Journal*, who adopted the nom de pêche in 1931 when he wrote about pollution of the Beaverkill River, the famed Catskill trout stream. Now approaching 80, Spense appears on the dust jacket in full color, red in hand, pipe in mouth, deer-stalker hat on head, bespectacled, like a benign God the Father savoring the joys of an afternoon on the water. And his philosophy, as he writes in the prologue, is simple and refreshing: "Soon after I embraced the sport of angling I became convinced that I should never be able to enjoy it if I had to rely on the cooperation of the fish."

... although fish do make a difference—the difference—in angling, catching them does not, so that he who is content to not-catch fish in the most skillful and refined manner, utilizing the best equipment and technique, will have his time and attention free for the accumulation of a thousand experiences, the memory of which will remain for his enjoyment long after any recollection of fish would have faded."

Accordingly, he exults in the pleasures of a drink and a droll on a mountain spring and dwells on the minor mysteries of why once successful flies such as the Quill Gordon suddenly become uncatching. He recounts how when waders disappeared from tackle stores in World War II a resourceful friend obtained a splendid pair in "neat, clerical black" from a religious supply house catering to Baptist preachers. But Spense is more than a witty chronicler of the vagaries of angling; he is also, and most importantly, a solid link in the history of fishing in this country, and *Fishless Days*, *Angling Nights* contains informative insights into the lives and times of Theodore Gordon, Edward R. Hewitt and George LaBranche, all gurus of the sport with whom Spense Grey Hackle now rightfully shares senior stage.

—ROBERT H. BERRY

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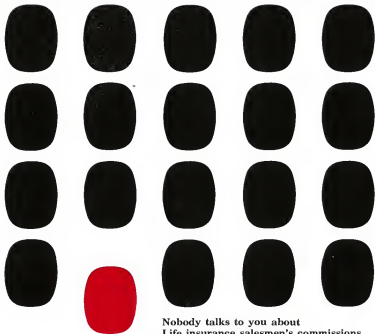
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Frank Deford's lively account of the life and times of the Roller Derby, *Five Strides on the Busted Track*, which appeared in part as an article in this magazine, has been published by Little, Brown & Co. (\$5.95).



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You see, the tread of an ordinary snow tire is so flexible it can become easily distorted.

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You bet it's pretty bad. And it's happening where you live — in your country. But do you know why? Are there too few police to give adequate protection? Are courts too lenient

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

FOR THE DEFENSE

American League club owners have been roundly criticized for letting Bob Short of the Washington Senators move his moribund franchise to Dallas-Fort Worth. It has been strongly contended that the league should have made Short sell to someone like Joseph Danzansky, the food-store magnate who said he would keep the club in Washington. Or to Bill Veeck, who said his bid to buy the Senators was turned down by Short.

Now Ewing Kauffman, the progressive owner of the Kansas City Royals, has forcefully defended the league's action. Kauffman says Danzansky simply did not have enough money to buy the Senators. He and two associates wanted to put up \$2.4 million in cash and arrange a loan of \$7 million. From the loan they would pay the balance of the purchase price, meet obligations like the bonus money still due rookie Pete Broberg and the deferred compensation being paid to Frank Howard and, hopefully, have cash for operating expenses. But, says Kauffman, "Danzansky did not have a commitment for a loan. He wanted the league to guarantee the loan first, and then he proposed to go out and negotiate it." In effect, the other teams in the league would be underwriting Danzansky's investment, and few were in a financial position to do so. So they turned Danzansky down. As for Veeck's reported bid, Kauffman says he was not aware of it.

Kauffman adds that he himself urged that the Senators be kept in Washington anyway, with the league taking over the team and operating it. If, in a year's time, a buyer with the financial capability to keep the team in Washington could not be found, then the team could be sold and moved. But it was concluded that the league did not have the financial strength to do this, either. Thus the move to Dallas-Fort Worth, in which Short received an advance of \$7.5 million for radio-TV rights over the next decade that allowed him to pay off the

massive debts he still had in Washington.

Kauffman says Commissioner Bowie Kuhn imposed silence on the owners about the various negotiations because he thought talk of the proposed loan might embarrass Danzansky. "But," says Kauffman, "in view of public criticism and congressional reaction, I think it is important for the public to know that we did everything possible to keep the Senators in Washington. We did not have a firm offer for the team, and we therefore had no choice but to let Short move."

NOTHING SACRED

One final note about the departing Senators. During that tumultuous last game in Washington, which the Senators lost by forfeit when a horde of unruly youngsters poured onto the field in the ninth inning, great swirls of confetti kept floating from the stands. Postgame examination disclosed that the confetti consisted principally of torn-up pages of a paperback book that the Senators' management had given away free to spectators entering the park. The book was *My Turn at Bat*, Ted Williams' autobiography.

ONCE AND FUTURE

One of the axioms of pro football is that the home team has an automatic three-point advantage. Whoever made that up forgot to tell George Allen, the onetime Chicago Bear assistant who made a big splash as head coach of the Los Angeles Rams and who this year is trying to revitalize the Redskins, Washington's only surviving team. Allen likes to say, "You've got to win on the road if you're going to win it all," and at Los Angeles he put his theory to work with a vengeance. From 1961 through 1965, before Allen, the Rams won only six of their 35 road games. But in Allen's last four seasons in Los Angeles the club had 23 wins away from home against three losses and two ties. Redskins publicity picked up on that this

year, pointing out, "No other professional coach in the history of the game has ever won 23 road games in four years."

In Washington, Allen has introduced a new slogan: "The Future Is Now." If you go along with his homilies, this means the Redskins had better start winning on the road; over the past 11 years they averaged only two wins a year in alien corn. This season, under Allen—*presto!*—victories on the road in St. Louis and New York before last Sunday's upset of the Cowboys in Dallas.

History seems to be repeating itself, you might say. Allen would probably counter with "The future has begun."

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER PAIN

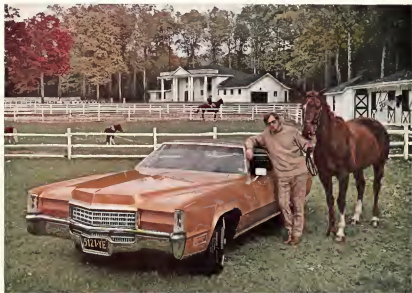
There has been quite a war going on in San Diego between joggers and golfers. Dave Pain, the splendidly named high lama of aging track men, is conducting a running feud (you can't avoid puns in



a situation like this) with the city recreation department over his right to work out—jog is a verb Pain does not like to have applied to a serious runner like himself—on city-owned golf courses. Pain, whose U.S. Masters track and field meet in San Diego each summer is the Olympic Games for athletes on the far side of 40, was arrested last January and briefly jailed because of his insistence that he should be allowed on Torrey Pines golf course without benefit of golf bag. After the publicity engendered by that

continued

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"It was the only thing to do after the mule died."

Three years back, the Hinsleys of Dora, Missouri, had a tough decision to make.

To buy a new mule.

Or invest in a used bug.

They weighed the two possibilities.

First there was the problem of the bitter Ozark winters. Tough on a warm-blooded mule. Not so tough on an air-cooled VW.

Then, what about the eating habits of the two contenders? Hay vs. gasoline.

As Mr. Hinsley puts it: "I get over eighty miles out of a dollar's worth of gas and I get where I want to go a lot quicker."

Then there's the road leading to their cabin. Many a mule pulling a wagon and many a conventional automobile has spent many an hour stuck in the mud.

As for shelter, a mule needs a barn. A

bug doesn't. "It just sets out there all day and the paint job looks near as good as the day we got it."

Finally, there was maintenance to think about. When a mule breaks down, there's only one thing to do: Shoot it.

But if and when their bug breaks down, the Hinsleys have a Volkswagen dealer only two gallons away.



arrest, the city's recreation board yielded and said running on city courses would be allowed from dusk to dawn and, in certain places, until 8 a.m. Rest rooms, locker rooms and restaurant facilities would be open to runners, same as golfers. All you had to do was apply for a free permit.

It seemed a signal triumph for the puff-and-groan set, but Pinn, something of a zealot, regards the time restrictions and the permits as utterly unnecessary, calling them job-justifying rules set up by petty functionaries. And the war rumbles on.

PAIN II

Armchair athletes can take satisfaction in an article in a British medical journal that suggests intense participation in sport may cause a "tilt deformity" of the hip joint that can lead to arthritis in later life. Examination of elderly patients with hip arthritis revealed that nearly half had a tilt deformity. Further studies were made of boys between 17 and 21, some from a school that emphasized sports, others from a city school where sports were voluntary and still others who were working in industry after having attended schools where sports were not readily available. The incidence of tilt deformity was 24%; higher among boys from the school that encouraged sports.

The article noted that hip arthritis is far more common in countries that emphasize organized sport than in so-called backward countries and advised that more attention be paid to the childish complaint of "growing pains" near the knees or hips. It also suggested that the long-term value of such pastimes as distance running on hard roads be reconsidered.

ENCORE

This is the other end of the year from the Masters golf tournament at Augusta, when the story about Gene Sarazen's double eagle in 1935 is always run out for folks to marvel at. But Gene, who is 69 now, did something the other day in an informal match at the Charles River Country Club in Newton, Mass. that brought his famous shot vividly to mind. After a good drive on the 456-yard par-5 15th hole, Sarazen took a three-wood and smacked the ball toward the distant green. "It was a perfectly hit shot," he said later with pro-

fessional objectivity. "It started for the pin the moment it left the club. When we walked up to the green we couldn't find the ball. It was in the cup for a double eagle."

"Even at my age you get a kick out of something like that. I've had four or five holes in one, but this is a greater thrill. After all, a hole in one is only an eagle."

CONE BACK

N. T. Bonner, the only aboriginal member of the Australian Parliament, recently asked for tariff protection against cheap American boomerangs that are cutting into the sale of the real thing in Australia. Then Steve Silady, a Yugoslavian immigrant who turns out to be Australia's champion boomerang thrower, stirred up a hornet's nest by opposing Bonner's suggestion with the sacrilegious comment that the American imitations were better than the real thing. He topped his argument with the stinging comment that most Australian makers do not care whether the boomerangs return, just so they look pretty. Noel Appo, head of the Foundation for Aboriginal Affairs, leaped into the fray with: "Our boomerangs do come back. They are still the best in the world. Abo-made boomerangs will make two complete circles before hovering and falling at the feet of the thrower." He challenged American companies to produce one that good.

KALEIDOSCOPE

If you have been doing an excessive amount of twiddling with the tint dial on your color TV this fall in an effort to get the proper hues in the uniforms of the pro football teams you have been watching, maybe it isn't your set at all. The NFL lets the home club decide whether it will wear white or colored jerseys—visitors must wear the opposite—and this year confusion tends to reign, as evidenced by statements in the league's publicity releases. Thus, from the NFC: "Atlanta has decided to switch its home color jersey from black to red. New Orleans and Philadelphia will wear white instead of black and green, respectively. Dallas and Los Angeles will also wear white. St. Louis will wear red, except against Dallas on Nov. 7 and against Philadelphia on Nov. 21, when the Cardinals will wear white. . . ." As for the AFC, four of its

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

teams, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver and San Diego, will wear white at home, while the other nine will be in living color: three blues, one aqua, two reds, two blacks and one, the New York Jets, in green except when they play Kansas City. What have they got against Kansas City? Do you suppose Pete Rozelle has a color coordinator on his staff?

HOW THE WIND DOTH BLOW

A professor at the University of Manitoba named Gus Bertels is obtaining a patent on an idea for a wind-free football stadium. Basically, the device consists of large plastic deflectors along the upper rim of a stadium on its west, north and east sides. South winds rarely cause distress. Slanted inward, the deflectors operate on what the professor describes as the "backflow" principle, altering the wind's direction to create a bubble effect that causes the wind to lose its velocity. In tests conducted with a scale model in a wind tunnel, winds equivalent to 30 mph were reduced to three mph, and 70 mph gales to seven mph.

One of the system's attractions is its cheapness. Bertels estimates that the expense of installing the equipment would be between \$20,000 and \$40,000, a tiny fraction of the cost of a domed stadium. He hopes by next year to have his device in Winnipeg Stadium, home of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers of the Canadian Football League. It won't stop rain or snow, and subzero temperatures won't suddenly climb into the 70s, but turning off an icy wind on command is quite a bit in itself.

The professor says his deflectors would even be able to keep excessive wind away from an outdoor skating rink or a neighborhood tennis court, although, he grants, "A tennis club would have to have a fairly large number of courts to justify the investment."

THEY SAID IT

• John McKay, Southern California football coach: "The college game isn't sick. Our season ticket sales will be near the 50,000 mark. Big as pro football has become, the pros still refuse to televise a game live into the city in which it is played. Even the Super Bowl is blacked out. We play UCLA and Notre Dame and draw 80,000 to 90,000 even though the game is being televised live right across the street." **END**

Q.
A.

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There's nobody else exactly like Willie Mays.

Sometimes it seems as if Willie Mays will go on forever. Even now, at the age of 40 and after 21 years of playing for the Giants in New York and San Francisco, he's still the "Say-hey Kid." And he's still exciting fans and players alike with his enthusiasm, hustle, determination and sheer love of the game.

Over the years, he's led the league in batting, slugging percentage, runs scored, hits, home runs, stolen bases, put outs and assists. He's also established a National League career record for most home runs and most runs scored.

But, if any one play can be remembered, it has to be that great over-the-shoulder catch and throw in the 1954 World Series at the Polo Grounds.

Many say he's the greatest player that ever lived. Certainly, he's one of the most exciting of our time.

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PRIDE IN THE RED JERSEY

That is what Alabama had lost, along with 10 games in the past two seasons. But now that Bear Bryant has reverted to jaw-to-jaw football, the Crimson Tide is running wild once again

by PAT PUTNAM

For what must have seemed an eternity to the rest of the coaching profession, Paul Bryant and his little bitty Tidesmen were the executioners of the Southeastern Conference—and of anyone else unfortunate enough to get in their path. They plucked national championships as easily as other people picked grapes. If Joe Namath or Steve Sloan or Kenny Stabler was not gunning you down with passes, then some quick mini-linebacker like Lee Roy Jordan was knocking you on your big 270-pound back. It was embarrassing, like getting mugged by a kindergarten class.

Then odd things began to happen to the University of Alabama. For one, two-platoon football caught up with Bryant's small linemen. The Goliaths were getting a chance to rest so that when they did play, they not only came in big but fast. The Bear's passing attack began to fire blanks. The superb defenses began to give up points in bunches of 41 and 49 and 47, a whole season's worth in a vintage year. Losses came in clusters of fives. In 1969 even *Vanderbilt* beat Alabama. And there was the time that same year when, after Tennessee had humbled the Tide 41-14, Tennessee Linebacker Steve Kiner came up to Bryant and said, "Gee, Coach, they don't seem to have the same pride in wearing that red jersey anymore." Bryant will never forget Kiner's words.

This season the pride—and the Tide—are back, as was completely apparent in Birmingham last Saturday when Alabama bit, chewed and digested previously unbeaten Mississippi 40-6. It was 'Bama's fourth straight win, and it con-

firmed a suspicion that first took root in early September when Alabama upset USC in Los Angeles: Bear Bryant has a solid contender for the national title.

One day last week Bryant sat in his office in Tuscaloosa and dissected what had happened. Mostly he used the scalpel on himself. "We kind of lost something the last two years," he said softly. "Confidence in ourselves . . . leadership. I blame myself. I've done a lousy job lately. I guess I got to a point where I just expected things to happen instead of making them happen. People were licking their chops to get at us. Before, well, they weren't real anxious to play us."

He stubbed out a cigarette, lit another one. For a moment he stared at the photographs of his classic teams of the early 1960s that hang on the wall opposite his desk. "We're starting to get it back now," he said. He pointed at the photos. "Confidence is what those teams had and that's what we are rebuilding."

Bryant began reconstructing Alabama almost before anyone knew it was about to collapse. More than two years ago he turned all his duties as athletic director, other than football, over to Sam Bailey. Like most coaches, Bryant hates recruiting and he had given that chore almost exclusively to his assistants. They would come in with a list of names and say, well, Coach, here they are. No more. Now before a boy is signed he must have Bryant's approval. Sighing, Bryant came to take big linemen. This year, for instance, Alabama fields such giants as John Hannah (273 pounds), Jim Pat-

terson (252) and Jim Krapf (240). Bryant has about a dozen linemen who weigh 230 or more. And they are not only big but good as well.

After last spring's practice, Bryant made another major change. He came away convinced he could no longer succeed with the drop-back passer. "We had a good one last year in Scott Hunter, a real pro-style thrower, and we couldn't win." So he junked the passing attack that until recent seasons had terrorized the SEC. "After a helluva big gut check," he said. But Bryant has never feared change.

That done, Bryant assessed his team's strengths. For openers there was Johnny Musso, a 191-pound halfback known as the Italian Stallion. "Johnny can do everything," says Bryant. "He's a great runner, blocker and passer. If we let him, he'd be a great defensive back, too. Last year he had to run his own interference and he still gained over 1,100 yards. The ideal situation would be Musso running with Musso up front blocking for him."

There were numerous other good runners, too. Indeed there hasn't been as much brute force in Tuscaloosa since General J. T. Croston came to town in 1865 and burned down most of the university. There are those who claim that if this year's team had been there, Croston never would have got to light the match. When Musso is not working, Bryant can attack with such backs as Joe

continued

Johnny Musso, who gained 192 yards against Ole Miss, about par, high-stepped the field.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BEARE



LaBue, Ellis Beck, Dave Knapp, Steve Briceglia, Jerry Cash, Paul Spivey, Wilbur Jackson and Rod Steakley.

And so last spring, thinking about all the ground power at his command, Bryant got on a plane and hustled off to Austin, Texas, the empire of Darrell Royal and the Wishbone offense. He came back loaded with data gathered from playbooks and films. Then in August, Royal visited Tuscaloosa for a coaching clinic, and he spent his evenings on Bryant's front porch talking Wishbone. Finally, four days before fall practice opened, Bryant called in his assistants and said, "Men, we are going to sink or swim or die with the Wishbone. And we're not going to just fool around with it for a few days and then toss it out. This is it." Bryant raised a canvas screen around the practice field, ordered a security cop on a scooter to patrol the area and went inside to look for a national championship.

Almost from the beginning, Quarterback Terry Davis, a 173-pound junior, took to the triple option as though he had been commanding one all his life. He is not fast, but he has

quick feet and he thrives on running. "We're going to win with him because everybody has confidence in him," said Musso. Davis will never be a great passer, but he can throw short well enough to keep the defense alert, and that is all Bryant expects.

USC, ranked high and bristling with talent, was Alabama's first test, and the Tide went in a solid 11-point underdog. Trojan Coach John McKay had heard Bryant was toying around with the Wishbone, but he didn't believe it was for real. It was. USC kicked off and six plays later Musso went 13 yards to score. Before USC could recover, Alabama led 17-0, and, as in the old days, 17 points was plenty. USC got 10 back but no more, and the football world said, "Oh, oh, The Bear is back." Except in the South.

"I didn't know he'd been away," said Shug Jordan, Auburn's head coach. "He's only been to 12 straight bowl games."

Tennessee's Bill Battle was equally surprised. "I didn't realize he had gone anywhere. He's just back to coaching his kind of game—jaw-to-jaw, hard-nosed



Think The Bear has mellowed? Observe.

football. And now he has the players for it."

Southern Mississippi was next to feel the sting of what a Mississippi State scout called "Bryant's meat grinder." Bryant played 68 people and won 42-6.

Then Florida, a preseason top-20 candidate, fell 38-0. Alabama's secondary of Steve Higginbotham, Steve Williams, Dave McMakin and Steve Wade keyed

Lost in the pack is a Mississippi runner, creating the sort of frenzy in Alabama's defensive unit that is more characteristic of sharks.



a defense that poked off five Florida passes.

"You can give a lot of the credit for our secondary to Bill Oliver," Bryant said. "He taught us some new techniques and gave our people more confidence." A starter on Alabama's 1961 national champions, Oliver joined Bryant's staff last spring.

After the win over Florida, Alabama, which had been left out of most of the preseason consideration, jumped to fifth and seventh in the two wire-service polls. Bryant was pleased but cautious, knowing that Mississippi would be coming in next, and that teams such as Tennessee, Houston, LSU, Miami and Auburn would follow. If you can find a tougher schedule than that, send flowers.

"We've come a long way," he said, "but it's still too soon to . . ." Someone once asked Bryant what was left after winning three national championships. "A fourth," he shrugged without hesitation. "And then a fifth. And a sixth."

Late Saturday afternoon, Mississippi, third in the SEC in passing and last in

total defense, arrived in Birmingham, unbeaten in three starts. From the beginning the Rebels knew they were in for a rugged afternoon. With its bar forward wall led by Hannah and Krapf opening huge holes, Alabama took the opening kickoff and muscled to the Mississippi nine before losing its third fumble of the year. On its second move against Ole Miss, the Tide banged down to the seven before settling for a 25-yard field goal by Bill Davis. On the first two drives, Musso carried the ball eight times for 41 yards. "We just weren't getting the ball to him enough," Bryant said. "Of course, it's a problem. We'd rather have him carrying the ball, but at the same time we'd rather have him blocking. On our first drive against Florida, we go to their six in 12 plays and Johnny hasn't seen the ball yet."

By halftime Alabama had pushed Mississippi around for 250 yards, but the best it could manage in point terms was an 11-yard scoring pass, Davis to Split End Dave Bailey, and another field goal by Bill Davis for a 13-6 lead.

The second half was different. Alabama's rushing simply overpowered the Rebels. On the first drive of the third quarter Davis ran for seven, then pitched back to LaBue, who ran for 22 more and a score. On the second drive Musso went seven for a touchdown, giving him 31 for his career and tying Charley Trippi for the SEC record. On the next drive Bisceglia went 15 yards for a touchdown, building the score to 34-6.

After that touchdown, Alabama lost Davis, at least for the moment. He was holding for the extra-point try when Mississippi's Elmer Allen, a 236-pound tackle, came busting through and flattened him. Davis left with a hip and shoulder injury and Allen left with a personal foul. Later Billy Kinard, the Ole Miss coach, told Bryant that he felt worse about the injury to Davis than he did the loss.

But that was later. Up in the stands the Alabama fans were screaming. "We want blood." And, "Go to hell, Ole Miss, go to hell." And, "Hang it up, Ole Miss, hang it up." "O.K.," said Bryant, and he gave them Musso, who ordinarily would be a spectator with Alabama leading by 28 late in the fourth quarter. But the best Bryant could manage at quarterback was Butch Hobson, a 188-pound fourth-stringer who proved he knew what to do with the ball. He



Between rampages, Musso gets apologetic.

gave it to Musso, who ran 41 yards to the Mississippi 18. Then Hobson got two, two more, and finally 14 for a touchdown.

In the press box a scout put his hands to his head and said, "Here The Bear is moaning about depth and now he comes up with a fourth-string quarterback who looks like he was borrowed from Texas."

On the last play of the game, with Alabama leading 40-6, Hobson ran 11 yards for a first down. The 11 pushed Alabama's total for the day to 557 yards, with 531 of them coming on the ground. Mississippi has been playing football since 1893 and the most any team ever managed to pick up rushing against it was the 433 LSU got in 1945. Last year, when Ole Miss won 48-23, Alabama managed to gain just 27 yards on the ground.

For his part, Musso ran 22 times for 193 yards, with few of them coming in the position you might expect from a runner, totally upright. Usually Musso is in the act of falling, only he never quite does. He gets hit, bounces along on one leg for a while, then spins, leans over backward and picks up another yard or two, and then for a finale puts a hand down and scrambles as far as he can before the rest of the world jumps on his back.

"I don't know which I like best," Bryant said. "Watching Musso run or watching him block. He simply wipes out people when he blocks."

Which is exactly what Alabama is doing in the old bruising Bear Bryant style: wipe people out, nose to nose, jaw to jaw. Once again there is pride in the red jersey.

END



THOSE SEVENTH-INNING BLUES



It was to be a Grand Confrontation, the grandest, surely, of a baseball season significantly deficient in moments of high passion. A meeting that would stir the juices, and about time.

Take away the Marx Brothers chase in the National League West, and what had there been except walkaway pennant races and runaway franchises? But now Vada Blue, the game's most exciting pitcher, would face off against the Orioles, the game's most stimulating team, in the opening shot of the playoff for the championship of the American League. This would be an occasion.

The city of Baltimore was calling itself "Flagtown U.S.A." again, and in Flagtown the otherwise dour hotel clerks were sporting plastic straw boaters and wearing yellow buttons instructing visitors to "Smile, you're in Baltimore." Charles O. Finley, Oakland's eccentric owner, was there, glowing in a double-knit Pucci sport coat of, naturally, "vada blue." And by Saturday there was something in the air for sure—run. It poured resolutely, forcing a one-day postponement, the 15th for the Orioles at home this year.

But the Grand Confrontation could wait 24 hours. It finally came beneath clear skies, and on a Baltimore Memorial Stadium playing field reduced by water and the football Colts to the consistency of a vacant lot. A lot frequented, it developed, by flights of angry bees that intimidated hapless outfielders and batters. It was hardly a proper setting for an event of these proportions. So maybe it was fitting that Blue, too, was found wanting.

He seemed in firm control for the first three innings. Then he surrendered a run in the fourth. He entered the seventh inning two runs ahead, 3-1. He left it two runs behind, 3-5. He also left the game. In the end, he was fouled by lesser men. A double by Curt Motton, a .189 hitter, tied the score, and another by Paul Blair, who had hit .176 against the A's this year, won the day.

Not so grand a confrontation, perhaps. Still, it had its moments of finery. The Giants and Pittsburgh had been busy tidily splitting their playoff start 5-4 and 4-9, but Baltimore was where the juices really flowed.

—RON FINKITE
continued



Push-hitting Oriole Curt Motton doubled home Brooks Robinson with the tying run, then Paul Blair (below) doubled for two more runs in Blue's lethal seventh inning.





PLAYOFFS *continued*

Free-swinging Sal Bando ends up with a second-inning double as he slides under the flying leg of Second Basemen Dave Johnson.

Dusting her way along, base-sweeper Linda Werhime gives the brushoff to the enemy while a team aide rescues Boog from bees.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOAR SCHAFMAN AND TONY TRIGLO



Dusted off by his rough treatment by the Orioles, Vida Blue seems busy yet nonetheless, ever ready to take on the Birds and other birds.



NO PARALYSIS IS THE ANALYSIS

Steeler Coach Chuck Noll believes that thinking paralyzes the defense, that it should react instinctively. Pittsburgh reacted fast last weekend, turning back San Diego with three goal-line stands **by TEX MAULE**

In 1933 Art Rooney won a bundle betting on the horses and then pushed his luck by buying a professional football franchise in Pittsburgh for \$2,500. If you said Rooney called his team the Steelers because they were a steal, you would be wrong. He called them the Pirates, and under that name, under that of the Steelers, under that of the Steagles (they merged with the Eagles in 1943), under that of the Card-Pitts (they merged with the Cardinals in 1944) and as the Same Old Steelers they never won so much as a division championship.

But, like most homeplayers, Rooney never lost hope, and now, 38 years later, he may finally have a winner. Last weekend the Steelers eked by San Diego 21-17 in Three Rivers Stadium. They are 2-1 in the AFC Central and if they can beat the Cleveland Browns this weekend they will be at least tied for the division lead.

In the Steelers' first two games—they were beaten by the Bears, who turned two recovered fumbles into touchdowns in the last four minutes, and beat the Bengals—their defense, particularly against the run, was outstanding. Against the Chargers it was, to be kind, horrible. The Steelers gave up 427 yards, most of them on John Hadl passes, but they held when it counted most.

Three times in the last five minutes San Diego had first and goal; three times the Steeler defense, anchored by Mean Joe Greene (see cover), stopped them.

With less than five minutes left in the game and the Steelers leading 21-17, the Chargers had a first down on the Pittsburgh seven. Hadl sent rookie Running Back Leon Burms straight ahead. He was stopped for a yard gain. Then Hadl, who completed 25 of 36 passes, threw twice incomplete into the end zone. Fourth and six, Hadl dropped back to

pass, only this time the ball never got to the end zone. Greene leapt high and batted it down.

The Steeler offense could move only to its own eight, and following a punt to midfield, the Chargers came on. With a first down on the 10, Hadl again went back to pass. This time Greene hit him as he threw and the ball fluttered into the hands of rookie Linebacker Jack Ham on the one. Ham stepped back to down the ball in the end zone, mistakenly believing it would be a touchback, but his teammates managed to push him out to the four-yard line.

There was now 1:28 left and Terry Bradshaw, the Steelers' quarterback, who had scored a touchdown on a five-yard keeper and completed 15 of 24 passes for 175 yards, handed off to John (Frenchy) Fuqua. Fuqua, who had scored the other two Pittsburgh touchdowns, one following a fumble recovery by Greene, ran nine yards to the 13. On the next play Bradshaw sneaked for the first down, then unwisely struggled for meaningless additional yards and fumbled. Art Rooney must have thought how familiar it all was. First down, San Diego, on the Steeler 20 with 1:06 remaining.

Hadl got his third and last first and goal on the eight-yard line with :56 left when Cornerback Mel Blount was guilty of pass interference. Then Hadl swept to the two, where the Chargers took their last time-out. Forty-eight seconds to go. Burms went into the line. No gain. Burms again. Tackled by Greene for a yard loss. But the Pittsburgh fans were making so much noise that Hadl was given an extra time-out by the officials, allowing the Chargers a final huddle. On the next play Hadl's futile pass into the end zone was knocked down by Ham.

"This makes up for Chicago," Bradshaw said after the game. "Now we don't have to say we should have won, but we didn't. Maybe this is the kind of luck you need to win a championship."

Or as Linebacker Andy Russell put

it, "I think we're growing up now."

Indeed they are, surely but slowly. "You would like to do it all at once, but that's just not possible," Head Coach Chuck Noll said the day before the San Diego game. Noll is only 39 but he came to the Steelers in 1969 with impressive credentials: seven years as a messenger guard and linebacker under Paul Brown at Cleveland (five conference, two NFL titles); six years as an assistant to Sid Gillman of the Chargers (five division championships, two AFL crowns), three years as defensive coach for Don Shula when he was with the Colts (one NFL championship). Noll reflects the personalities of all three; he has some of the reserve and dignity of Brown, some of Gillman's flair and all of Shula's ability to identify with the players.

"We made our big jump last year," he said. "The year before we couldn't move the ball. Now we can score from anywhere on the field. What we have to develop is consistency, and that comes with experience."

While the Steeler offense was developing, the club lived as best it could on a tough defense, which is even stronger this year than last. "We needed more speed on defense," Noll said. "Last year Cincinnati ran us to death on sweeps. Last week our defensive line was quick enough to shut off the sweeps." Cincinnati gained 28 yards on the ground against the Steelers.

One of the quickest men on the defensive line is Greene, who, although he is 6'4", 280, is so compactly built that you do not realize how big he is until you stand next to him. A first draft choice from North Texas State in 1969, Greene has already attained the stature of a Bob Lilly or a Merlin Olsen. And although he plays with the violence inherent in his position, he does not believe he deserves to be called Mean Joe Greene.

"That happened my sophomore year at North Texas," he said, sitting on a

Fancy passer Terry Bradshaw and fancy punter John Fuqua scored all Steeler touchdowns.

continued

stood in front of a commodious locker in the carpentered Pittsburgh dressing room after a practice last week. "We wore green and the defense was going good and they called us the Mean Green. Me being named Greene, it naturally rubbed off on me. I do the best I can on every play and I go hard, but I'm not mean. Sometimes I may talk to the quarterback if I get to him, but it ain't mean. Like one time I sacked somebody, I don't remember who, and when he got up I said, 'Don't bother to run the draw, because I'm going to be sitting right there in the hole waiting for it.'"

Although he has the classic attributes of a defensive tackle—size, agility, quickness and speed—Greene considers another quality even more valuable. "My best asset is my vision," he said. "I can see what is happening, where the blocks are coming from and where the ball is going. I haven't changed much from college except in refining my moves. Last year I guess my biggest handicap was guessing, but Coach cured me of that. Coach pointed out to me when you guessing, you only right half the time. Other half, you get creamed. When you do the job you supposed to do and let the others do their job, then you right a lot more than half the time."

"Now, don't take this as a criticism of offensive linemen," he went on. "But no offensive lineman should ever beat a defensive lineman man on man. They all tough, but we got the advantage. Some of them got great quick, some try to overwhelm you with strength, but they all can be beat, one way or another. I don't study the man going to be blocking on me. I just wait and see what he do when the game starts and I do what I got to do."

Greene paused to autograph a piece of paper for a little boy who had wandered into the dressing room.

"What's your name?" asked the youngster, who was about five.

"What you want it to be?" Greene said, grinning.

"I don't know," the kid said.

"O.K., I'll write it out for you," Greene said. He signed the paper Joe Greene, leaving off the Mean.

"This year we can do it," he continued. "Now we putting points on the scoreboard. Now we keeping the ball, moving it. We're growing, getting consistent. The offense is better and that's what we need."

The offense is, indeed, better. Bradshaw, everyone's No. 1 draft pick last year, suffered through a most difficult rookie season, but he has improved markedly. Much of the improvement must be credited to Babe Parilli, the Steelers' quarterback coach. Last year the Steelers did not have a quarterback coach, even though both their quarterbacks, Bradshaw and Terry Hanratty, were very young.

During a practice session two days before the San Diego game Parilli spent 20 minutes standing a foot or so inside the sideline and catching passes from Bradshaw, 30 yards away. Only once or twice did Parilli have to step over the sideline to catch the ball.

Later, in the coaches' lounge, he said, "We've been working on the short pass all this season. Terry could always throw long, but last year, throwing short, he threw the ball so hard it was bouncing off the receivers. He's got to develop a touch and that's what he's doing now. He was confused much of the time, too. He couldn't read the defenses and he was hesitant on his calls, so we're working on that, too. We give him a little bit at a time and work on it until he gets it cold. Repetition, repetition, repetition. I learned that way myself and I still believe in it."

At 6'3", 218, Bradshaw is a big quarterback, and he has unusual speed; last season he averaged 7.3 yards a carry and ran 22 yards for a score against Cleveland. "His running ability is a big help," Parilli pointed out. "It's like a pitcher is a good hitter, too. If he can't find an open receiver he has a burst of speed and he might run for a good gain instead of being trapped for a long loss. His running handicaps the defense, too. The linebackers can't help out much on short pass patterns until they find out what Bradshaw is going to do. They have to play up tight."

Bradshaw, of course, is not the Steelers' principal running threat. One of their best runners, and certainly the most spectacular both on and off the field, is Fuqua, a 5'11", 200-pound sprinter from Morgan State who is now in his third year as a pro. Fuqua came to the Steelers from the New York Giants in a trade before the 1970 season. The Giants rarely used him but he led the Steelers in rushing last year with 691 yards on 138 tries for a five-yard average, and he finished the season with a flourish, carrying for

218 yards against Philadelphia, including scoring runs of 72 and 85 yards.

Fuqua is an ebullient, joyous man with a penchant for extraordinarily flamboyant clothes. Possibly his most memorable costume is a purple jump suit, which he wears with mid-calf leather boots, a glass cane, dark glasses and a big black apple hat. He lost the hat recently and placed an ad in the Pittsburgh newspapers offering a \$100 prize for the best design for its replacement. He got 200 suggestions, which he has narrowed down to a) a white musketeer with a purple plume and a pink feather and b) a white turban with a large purple brooch.

"I've been wearing clothes like that all my life, since I was a little child," he was saying in the Steeler dressing room the other day. "You got to be yourself, express your emotion. I like to be noticed. It's a great feeling."

Fuqua looked across the room and gave a whoop of laughter. Charles Beatty, a defensive back, had just arrived wearing a knee-length white robe with white velvet trousers, sandals and a cross between a turban and a Russian cap.

"That's my competition," Fuqua said. "Hey, comp, you dead."

Beatty bowed ceremoniously.

"I broke his spirit last year with that purple suit," Fuqua said. "Just like you break a horse. Beat him day after day with different outfits. He dead."

"He goes out and buys things all the time," Beatty said. "I beat him just dipping into my closet."

"He's right," Fuqua said. "I'm all the time walking around in the little neighborhoods when I go out on a speaking engagement, just looking for something different. When we're on the road and everybody else goes to the movies, I go looking for clothes and I don't tell anyone where I got them. One time here I bought a very unusual suit in a little store, and a couple days later one of the other players showed up in the same suit. Never bought another thing from that store."

Fuqua calls himself the Count, explaining that he is really a French count but he spent so much time taking the sun on the Riviera that he has never been able to lose his tan.

Fuqua missed the Cincinnati game with a bruised knee he sustained against the Bears, a game in which he gained 114 yards in 17 carries. "Dropped me down to 12th in balckarrying, missing

continued

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one game," he said. "But I ain't worried. All the backs I got to beat play on teams that have got to play us and I figure they ain't going to gain then. So I'm heading for No. 1."

Fuqua's volubility does not diminish during the game. He even chitchats with Dick Butkus. "That first game, he hit me pretty hard," Fuqua said. "I am very aware of the Bears because they gave me this a couple years ago when I played with the Giants." He touched a one-inch scar on his right cheekbone. "But I ain't afraid of them. So I told Butkus, 'Hey, man, you look like you limping.' He had a knee operation. Next time he hit me even harder and wouldn't get off me. He look down at me and say, 'French, you going to be limping in a little while.' So when I got the bruised knee and went off, he holloed, 'Come on back, Frenchy. Why you limping?'"

Fuqua felt his knee and flexed the leg. "Knee is fine now," he said. "And I got to play. I just can't stand to sit on that bench. Now we got offense to go with the defense. I want to get in there."

Andy Russell has the locker next to Fuqua. "You'll play," he said. "Don't worry about it."

Russell has been with the Steelers for seven years. He makes up for his lack of size with exceptional intelligence and the ability to diagnose plays. Last year, against Cleveland, he overheard Quarterback Bill Nelsen warn Leroy Kelly to watch for a safety blitz. Russell's assignment on the play was to cover Kelly on a pass. Instead he blitzed himself, knowing Kelly would be staying in, and dumped Nelsen for a big loss.

"It's coming to the point where we feel we can win," Russell said. "We used to keep wondering when the other team was going to make the big play. Now we wonder when we will. And we're reacting more quickly. We're getting more comfortable in this defense and we move instinctively, without thinking. We no longer suffer from what Coach Noll calls the paralysis of analysis. Greene is a perfect example of that. He has the ability to make an instinctive, confident decision and act upon it immediately. That's why he's in their backfield all the time."

Russell stroked his mustache. "This team does not think of itself as a powerhouse," he said. "But we feel we have a real good chance to win our division. After that, we'll see."

Art Rooney is waiting.

END

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**PALM
SPRINGS**
CALIFORNIA

Long before sunrise, youngsters can be found skating hard after a puck, as hockey becomes a year-round obsession with fathers and sons across the country **by MELVIN MADDOCKS**



NEW AWAKENING IN ORR LAND

He's skating backward. Four feet, 11 inches of concentration standing—well, wobbling—on 11½ inches of Bobby Bauer blades. His rear end probes the air, rotating blindly, fatalistically. His helmet hangs askew like a distress signal. His glazed eyes stare down at the S's of his wake—the small miracle of where he has been.

Like rather indifferent well-wishers on the dock, a line of teammates watch him zigzag out to open ice. He is alone—boy against gravity—beyond comfort, beyond help. Somewhere behind him his unseen enemy, the coach, screams the litany of all hockey coaches: "Dig! Dig! Dig! Hustle! Hustle!"

In the stands his father, all the fathers watch—an oil painting of 40-year-old jocks, hiding their paunches under windbreakers, holding their breath on cold cigars until their jaws hollow out.

There is a crack, an insignificant crack, a tiny hairline fracture in the ice. But it's enough. A skate stubs, the cautious rhythm is lost, angles begin to go all wrong. The soloist wobbles like a rheumatic conga dancer and, just before he reaches the blue line, down he goes, as if the ice were pulled out from under him in slow motion.

Crash, for the moment, goes the hope of America.

In hundreds of rinks from Maine to, yes, California, variations on this drama are being played out by a grow-

ing army of young ankle benders. Not to mention that supporting cast of coaches and fathers who get up as early as four or five o'clock on a Saturday morning and drive as far as 50 miles to make the scene.

The scene is known in flat prose as the youth hockey program. But it can be described with a touch of locker-room poetry as the making of an American Bobby Orr, for grand illusions fill the bone-chilling air. Behind the drone of just another community-recreation activity—the mimeographed schedules on the bulletin board, complete with coach's phone number (cell day or night, his wife answers anyway)—there is, in this case, a dream. A secret, delicious dream that one day all those five a.m. whistles for quick starts and stops, all those ice machines with their bored hum laying down new surfaces, are suddenly going to produce an American champion at a Canadian sport: a Babe Ruth of hockey.

The Little League mania of a decade ago has laced on skates, more than 50,000 pairs of them. Mitey Mites (6- to 8-year-olds). Squirts (8- to 10-year-olds). Pee Wees (10- to 12-year-olds). Bantams (12- to 14-year-olds). Midgets (14- to 16-year-olds). Ten times as many diggers as 10 years ago, and they're everywhere.

Universal hockey is a sport that technology made possible. Once upon a time hockey was the most provincial

of pastimes. An American puck chaser was a hardy breed species to be found wintering in three principal areas: Minnesota, Michigan and New England. Frozen-ponds-and-ears country. All that has changed. Man, the toolmaker, cannot only land on the moon, he can even make ice in the summer with help from chemicals. Ethyl-glycol or Freon are in the pipes instead of brine, and those pipes, by the way, are now plastic.

Hockey no longer is nature's unequal gift, and it has suddenly dawned on Americans that anything is possible. In Duluth or Los Angeles, in January or August, backward or forward, that young skater with the grim look of concentration now hustles, *hustles* all year round. He is going for broke, competing not only against Pee Wee peers but against a phantom in his obsessed little mind. He is catching up with the Canadians.

No statistics on the number of indoor rinks in Minnesota (55) or on the sale of skates in Boston (the figure has more than doubled the past three years) can really register how youth hockey has gone Boom! The mad intensity can be measured only by a day in the life of an ordinary, run-of-the-mill fanatic Pee Wee.

Doug D. is an 11-year-old living in a Boston suburb. His total preoccupation begins the moment he opens his eyes. On the wall at the foot of the bed, like a recruiting poster, is a giant print of God on skates, the Bruin reverently known as No. 4, Bobby Orr. Tacked to an adjacent wall is a closeup of the team captain, Johnny Bucyk, holding the Stanley Cup; below that, a Bruin schedule and a daily updated list of the 10 leading scorers in the National Hockey League.

What wakes Doug in the first place? On his desk a record player is wired to an alarm clock. On the turntable at the ready, is *God: Bruins!*, a recording that memorializes the big moments of the 1969-70 season, as called play by play by the then Voice of the Bruins, Don Earle. "Esposito . . . out front . . . scores!" is the reveille Doug shakes out to. The alternative, a little shorter on adrenaline, is *The Two Sides of Bobby Orr*, "instructional commentary" by the man himself.

A small hockey library overflows a bookcase in the corner. On top is the hockey man's bible, the official argument settler, *The Complete Encyclopedia of Ice Hockey*. Long, scholarly hours with the book have made Rocket Richard, and even the Flying Frenchman, Howie Morenz, as familiar to Doug as Gordie Howe. Among the other texts: *I've Got to Be Me* by Derek Sanderson, *Make the Team in Ice Hockey* by Ira Gitler, *I Play to Win* by Stan Mikita and, of course, *Bobby Orr and the Big Bad Bruins*. On a shelf rests a scrapbook with a psychedelic cover, including sports-page stories and pictures. Doug's specialty is the silhouette cutout.

Downstairs, Doug looks for last night's results in the morning paper. A guy can forget his homework but anyone who shows at school not knowing how the Bruins made out against the Red Wings might as well turn around and crawl home. At the breakfast table Doug disappears behind his favorite paper, *The Hockey News*.

Then it's hustle, *hustle*. Pull on your Sanderson sweat shirt and your Bruin stocking cap and—ugh!—off to school.

continued





AWAKENING continued

In terms of hockey, school is irrelevant, except for a brisk trading in bubble-gum cards. At last visit to the pit, speculators were offering three Bobby Hulls for one Ted Green.

In the afternoon, in any weather this side of a hurricane, Doug barely makes it home before every reasonably flat driveway, every dead-end road, every unused tennis court is filled with screaming squads wildly batting plastic pucks from hydrant to telephone pole. Street hockey is to 1971 what stickball used to be. The approved style of a street superstar like Doug is to supply one's own breathless play by play: "Orr takes the puck behind his own net. He picks up speed. He's really flying. He fakes, he moves in, he shoots. Goal!"

Street hockey continues as a supplementary exercise even into the skating season. But when cold weather comes and the last of the backyard swimming pools is put away, the skating rinks appear, mostly jointed two-by-sixes laid on plastic liners. The thermometer is watched like a hospital case. The minute the temperature falls below 30°, Doug, his father and mother rush outdoors with icicle-dripping hose, risking frozen water pipes and pneumonia to produce a 15- by 25-foot skating surface with more goose bumps than a horror-movie audience.

Year round, good weather or bad, there is an indoctrination program in the evening, a night course in the making of another Bobby Orr. In the playroom, focusing on an old bed sheet permanently tacked to the wall, Doug runs off a spliced and respliced film, *The Stanley Cup Playoffs 1970*. He has it memorized indelibly—the way Orr scored the winning goal, cutting in from the side, shooting, then soaring in the air from a too-late check, horizontal and exuberant, as if being carried in triumph by

invisible teammates. Afterward, Doug re-creates the scene, shooting a real puck with a heavy, pile-driving Zeek! against the paneled wall.

Then it's hustle, *hustle* upstairs to the television set, just in time for the sign-on. "Boston Bruins Hockey," intones the announcer's voice as if proclaiming the Second Coming. Uniforms swirl on the screen to the accompaniment of a typical sports musical theme, jazz with warlike undertones.

The calendar on the door of Doug's bedroom, right below the sticker declaring THIS IS BRAINS COUNTRY, is marked in red for the days of Boston's TV games. Sixty in a season. Not counting playoffs. Not counting All-Star Games. Not counting digests of games packaged as *Bruins Highlights*. Then there's the summer repeats of everything, almost as many reruns as *I Love Lucy*. Not to speak of *The Derek Sanderson Show*, a rather tensely casual rap session that Doug watches each Saturday, even when Derek, for Pete's sake, is talking to a girl.

But the street, the backyard rink, the audiovisuals, the library are just dream feeders, substitutes for the real thing. In September the word goes out for youth hockey like a muted jingle drum. No promotion, no advertising is necessary. A small announcement appears in the local paper among the painting, wallpapering and floor-finishing ads. But the young natives get the message. Would-be Orrs are turned away by the dozens.

From late October to March, Doug's life centers about the weekly, sometimes twice-weekly, sessions. Moving from rink to rink at ungodly hours, searching out ice like an



Arab sniffing for an oasis, Doug at face-off time is where the dream all comes together.

On the ice, helmeted, padded, uniformed, the superstar's style is different from those street hockey games. Doug and his teammates now play with the cool reserve of old professionals. The bored, nonchalant look is cultivated—Derek Sanderson without a mustache, the 19th-century train-robber gaze.

The goalie on Doug's team is called The Flopper. There are two reasons why a Pee Wee becomes a goalie, besides lousy skating. He loves to put on all that extra equipment, and he loves to flop. The true-blue Pee Wee goalie does more splits than a ballerina in *Snow Lake*. He doesn't know the meaning of an easy stop. Even if the puck barely reaches him, he makes three moves with the stick, desperately wiggles his catching glove, then finally dives across the goal mouth at the final instant.

The team's best defenseman is called Headhunter. He runs a bit to fat, but he sucks in his stomach when he thinks of it, scowls and wears his shoulder pads high. Headhunter's trip to the penalty box turns into one of the grand exits of sport. He pounds his helmet in agony and incomprehension, rolls his eyes toward the Divine Referee above and always manages to spit just before he leaves the ice.

Doug, the center, is known as Playmaker. He favors a dipsy-doodle manner of puck carrying—lots of weaving and faking—patterned after Phil Esposito. Like his teammates, Doug's style gets the staggers after two minutes on a shift.



His left wing has a habit of recreating with the puck in great arcing circles behind his own net. He is known as Swoop, and no coach so far has been able to convince him that the backward-S isn't the straightest line to the NHL, even though he once scored on his own goalie, bringing The Flopper to tears.

Doug's right wing is named The Digger, though everybody has forgotten why he is called that. He claims it's because he's so good at digging the puck out of the corners, only he isn't. Probably it's because of his stride. The Digger comes up ice with choppy little steps, each half stride an excavation.

Even Doug's coach has a nickname, being secretly referred to among his troops as The Stamper. He is a short, fat man who stays off skates whenever possible. At practices he makes it a point to coast, leaning slightly backward, leaving the impression of untapped reserves. At games he paces behind the bench the way Brun Coach Harry Sinden used to in that memorable Stanley Cup season of 1969-70. When he doesn't like what is happening before his eyes, the coach talks to himself—"Come on! Come on-n-a!"—and he stamps. Before every game he tells the team, "I hate to lose." After every loss he feels personally let down.

If Doug's team, the Pee Wee Blackhawks, don't let The Stamper down too often, they will get in playoffs. Playoffs can lead to a state or regional championship. And All-Star status can lead Doug to the show-down: American vs. Canadian Pee Wees. A preliminary testing of the dream. More on that later.

Meantime, back to certainties, like the end of the official season, a mournful yet decision-making day in the life of Super Pee Wee. The off season separates the hockey maniac from the mere enthusiast. A Pee Wee like Doug can be found skating when other boys are swimming.

continued





AWAKENING continued

To service the American would-be Bobby Orr market, a whole new institution has been invented, the Canadian summer hockey camp. The smart entrepreneur buys a few acres of backwoods and signs up a couple of marquee names. (The Orr-Walton Sports Camp, naturally, is the most famous.) Smart entrepreneur then lays out a large promotion campaign and a small ice surface, and he is in business. The tab per boy averages \$110-\$125 per week, plus travel money (roughly \$200 for a Pee Wee from Boston flying to Orr's mecca). Doug sent in his application early but, in these hockey-mad times, early can easily be too late.

If Doug doesn't make the Canadian camps' quota, he signs up for a three-week course at a friendly neighborhood institution like Jack Kelley's Hockey School. Kelley, coach at Boston University, charges \$160 for the session, and he too rejects almost as many as he accepts.

For those cost accountants who measure their obsessions in dollars and cents, here is what it takes to put a Doug D. on the ice first-class—maybe rear-end skating to nowhere. Skates: \$25-\$60. Gloves: \$15-\$35. Helmet: \$5-\$10. Mouth guard: \$1.50. Cup and supporter: \$3.75. Shin guards: \$15-\$25. Shoulder pads: \$15. Elbow guards: \$5-\$10. Jersey: \$6.50. Pants: \$15-\$20. Stockings: \$3.25. Suspenders: \$1.75. Garter belt: \$2.50. Ankle guards: \$5. Stick: \$5. Skating time at a rink costs about \$1.50 an hour. Add in a few weeks at a Canadian summer camp, that knowledge center of books, film and records, and the total cost runs between \$750 and \$1,000.

Behind the Pee Wee dreamer is another dreamer, of course. He has been half visible in the plot already. The jock in the windbreaker sucking on the cold cigar in Scene One. The saint who listened without complaint to a puck—a real official Cooper puck—going *Zonk!* against his playroom paneling. The guy just beyond the cheese dip and potato chips at those 60 televised Brun games. The wallet carrier, the dream funder behind the whole Doug D. operation.

Fathers of Pee Wees may be less conspicuous and aggressive—sometimes—but they bear roughly the same relationship to the Pee Wee Bobby Orrs that star-struck mothers used to bear to their would-be Shirley Temples. More often than not, the son's young dream starts in the father's overage head.

Doug's old man wasn't a hockey ace. He wasn't an ace at anything. That may be a significant point. He was an altsaran who wasn't even terribly interested in sports. But a funny thing happened to him on the way to middle age. Everything that had once been important—sex, a red convertible, the job just ahead of him at the office, a home of his own—suddenly seemed less important. And things that had been less important, like sports, suddenly seemed more important. Nobody knows exactly why, least of all, he.

When Doug was a couple of years old, his father joined the Y. He did Royal Canadian Air Force exercises when everybody else was doing Royal Canadian Air Force exercises. When everybody jogged, he jogged.

Call him crazy, but he's not convinced that drugs, homosexuality and Vietnam wouldn't go away if boys would concentrate on sport. In a world where everything's a

game, Ooug's father isn't sure but what real games are what count. Would he honestly want his boy to grow up to be President? Who knows what a President actually is anymore? But a Bobby Orr, that's something else, something one can almost touch and feel. Something one can still understand.

At 9:30 Doug goes to bed. One last check in *The Complete Encyclopedia of Ice Hockey*—yes, it did take just 21 seconds for Bill Mosienko to score three goals the night of March 23, 1952 in Madison Square Garden. One last spin, like taps, of *The Two Sides of Bobby Orr*: "I like to pass crisp . . . I like to make a habit of passing quite swift . . . carrying the puck, you got to remember, keep that puck out in front of you . . . keep your head up. . . ." And so to bed.

But as long as Doug's father is awake, the dream of the making of an American Orr goes on.

Do the youth hockey coaches in this country know enough to teach the game right, he wonders. Right enough to make a champion? Doug's father once heard Derek Sanderson deliver an emphatic no, and that bothers him.

Are Americans tough enough to go up against Canadians, those hungry farm-muscled kids? The Bruin penalty killer, Ed Westfall, has made cracks to interviewers about American kids being soft, chauffeured to and from the rinks. That bothers Doug's father, too.

And even if Doug is conditioned like Charles Atlas Jr. and coached by Punch Imlach in disguise, what becomes of him when he reaches 14? This is when the school system takes over with its no-outside-teams rule. This is when the youth hockey program begins to fall apart. And this is when the Canadian Bobby Orr really puts ice between himself and the American would-be.

The 14-year-old Canadian, Doug's father knows, will be playing junior hockey—60 to 80 games a season of NHL-style, tooth-loosening hockey. Ooug, if he is lucky, will make the school team, a squad of perhaps 15. There is no way to absorb the dozens and dozens of ex-Pee Wees from the youth program. Then Doug will play maybe 20 games of gentlemanly, limited body-checking hockey, for 12-minute periods only.

The later Doug's father stays up, the higher the odds seem against his son becoming an NHL champion. Realistically it does a father no good to cite a few borderline cases from Minnesota, where American kids have gone on to success. (Frank Brimsek from Eveleth, Minn. was the Bruin goalie when Ooug's father's father first took him to a game. A man could buy a Bruin ticket then.) At present, Ooug's father knows, America's contribution to big-league hockey is considerably less than that of Czechoslovakia, which, after all, produced Stan Mikita. Players like Bobby Sheehan of Weymouth, Mass. and Larry Pleau of Lynn have performed briefly for the Montreal Canadiens. In the past 20 years players from Doug's home state have scored just 13 goals in the NHL, hardly a staggering total—especially considering the fact that in one game during that period a substitute goalie from Arlington, Mass. allowed six goals to fly by him into the net. Needless to say, the unfortunate goalie never appeared in another NHL game.

Still, history does not stop a dreamer. Besides, Doug's father knows another kind of history, too. He knows of a man in the next town going into debt to make a court case out of his boy's right to play youth hockey and school hockey simultaneously, the right to go all the way with an obsession. He has heard of a legendary coach who built a special room in his cellar where he used to hang out the boys' jerseys to dry—all the Pee Wees, Bantams and Madgets in town. After a heavy weekend schedule, he is reputed to have inspected, sewed and



spot-cleaned where necessary, then aired 400 soggy jerseys.

With fanatics like these, can an American Bobby Orr be far behind?

First dreams first, Doug's father has a reasonable hallucination he allows himself at midnight when he is as calmed down as he ever gets. During the February vacation there is a sort of world championship of Pee Wees in Quebec City. At any rate, all-star teams come from as far away as Mexico. Hockey in Mexico! Isn't that trying to tell an American father something? The final game is on national TV. Prime Minister Trudeau drops the puck. The arena holds 16,000 people, and over 18,000 crowd in. The stuff that dreams are made of.

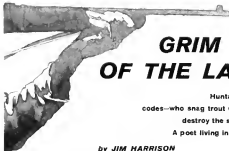
The score is 0-0 during the final minute of play. Doug D. comes from behind his own net slowly, picking up speed. He gets by one man, gets by two. He's really flying. He makes a shift on the defense. He's moving in, he fakes, he shoots—he scores!

"*Sacrébleu!*" cry the Quebec fans. "Keep an eye on that garçon. In eight, maybe 10 years. . . ."

It is a stepping-stone dream, a dream for 40-year-old fathers late at night—a dream on the way to the dream of the making of an American Bobby Orr.



Lambert



GRIM REAPERS OF THE LAND'S BOUNTY

Hunters and anglers who do not heed fish and game codes—who snag trout with gang hooks and deer with jacklights—destroy the spirit as well as the substance of outdoor sport. A poet living in rural Michigan indicts these violators of nature

by JIM HARRISON

Picture this man on a cool late summer morning, barely dawn: gaunt, bearded, walking through his barnyard carrying a Winchester 30-30, wearing a frayed denim coat and mauve velvet bell-bottoms. He is broke and though able-bodied he thinks of himself as an artist and immune to the ordinary requirements of a livelihood. Perhaps he is. He is one of the now numberless dropouts from urban society, part of a new agrarian movement, the "back to the land" bit that seems to be sweeping young writers. But he hunkers for meat rather than the usual brown rice. I myself in a fatuous moment have told him of my own 200-gram-a-day protein diet—meat, meat, meat, lots of it with cheese and eggs, plus all the fruit you can lift from neighboring orchards and all the bourbon you can afford during evening pool games. Who needs macrobiotics.

Anyway, back to the barnyard. The killer lets the horse out of the paddock and they run off through the ground mist. The morning is windless and the grass soaked with dew, ideal conditions for poaching a deer. He walks up the hill behind his house, very steep. He is temporarily winded and sits down for a cigarette. Thirty miles out in Lake Michigan the morning sun has turned the steep cliffs of South Fox Island golden. There is a three-foot moderate roll, the

lake trout and coho trollers will be out today in all of their overequipped glory. Later in the season he will snag lake trout from the Leland River, or perhaps even catch some farly. He thinks of the coho as totally consumable—anyone with a deft hand can pluck them from the feeder streams.

About 500 yards to the east, clearly visible from the hill, is a deserted orchard and a grove of brilliantly white birch trees. Beautiful. He will walk quietly through a long neck of woods until he is within 100 yards of the orchard. Except in the deepest forest, deer are largely nocturnal feeders in Michigan, but they can still be seen in some quantity at dawn or dusk if you know where to look. During the day they filter into the sweet coolness of cedar swamps or into the rows of the vast Christmas tree plantations. He sits and rests his rifle on a stump. He immediately spots a large doe between the second and third rows of the orchard, and further back in the scrubby neglected trees a second-year buck, maybe 130 pounds, perfect eating size. He aims quickly just behind and a trifle below the shoulder and fires. The buck stumbles, then bursts into full speed. But this energy is deceptive and the animal soon drops. My friend hides his rifle, covering it with dead leaves. If you do hap-

pen to get caught—the odds are against it—your rifle is confiscated. He jogs down to the deer, stoops, hoists its dead weight to his shoulder and heads back to the house.

A few hours later his pickup pulls into my yard. I am in the barn wondering how I can fix one of the box stalls when my brother has bent the neck of my hammer pulling spikes. I hear the truck and when I come out into the yard he hands me a large bloody package. Everything is understood. We go into the kitchen and have a drink though it is only 10 in the morning. We slice the buck's liver very thin, then drive to the grocery store where I have some inexpensive white Bordeaux on order. When we get back my wife has sautéed the liver lightly in clarified butter. We eat this indescribably delicious liver, which far exceeds calf's liver in flavor and tenderness. A hint of apple, clover and fern. We drink a few bottles of wine and he goes home and I take a nap. That evening my wife slices a venison loin into medallions, which she again cooks simply. During the afternoon I had driven into Traverse City to splurge on a bottle of Châteauneuf-du-Pape. The meal—the loin and a sample salad of fresh garden lettuce, tomatoes and some green onions—was exquisite.

End of tale. I wouldn't have shot the

continued

deer myself. But I ate a lot of it, probably 10 pounds in all. I think it was wrong to shoot the deer. Part of the reason I would not have killed it is that I am no longer able to shoot at mammals. Grouse and woodcock, yes. But gutting and skinning a deer reminds me too much of the human carcass and a deer heart too closely resembles my own. My feelings are a trifle ambivalent on this particular incident but I have decided my friend is a violator only barely more tolerable than the cruder sort. If it had been one of the local Indians—it often is—I would have found it easy to bow to the ancestral privilege. But my friend is not a local Indian.

Game hogger is not the point. The issue is much larger than human greed. We have marked these creatures to be hunted and slaughtered, and destroyed all but a remnant of their natural enemies. But fish and mammals must be considered part of a larger social contract, and just laws for their protection enforced with great vigor. The first closed deer season in our country due to depletion of the herds occurred in 1694 in Massachusetts. Someone once said, "The predator husbands his prey." The act of violation is ingrained, habitual; it represents a clearly pathological form of outdoor atavism. Not one violator out of a hundred acts out of real need or hunger. The belief that he does is another of many witless infatuations with local color.

I have an inordinate amount of time to think and wander around. Poets muse a lot. Or as Whitman, no mean fisherman, said, "I loaf and invite my soul." Mostly loaf. I have always found that I can think better and more lucidly with my Fox Sterlingworth, or any of a number of fly rods, in hand. I'm a poor shot, but I really do miss some grouse because I'm thinking. Recently I was walking along a stream that empties into Lake Michigan within half a dozen miles of my farm. It was late October, with a thin skin of snow that would melt off by afternoon. There were splashes of blood everywhere and many footprints and small piles of coho guts. The fish were nearly choking the stream, motionless except for an erratic flip of tail to maintain position. And there were some dead ones piled up near a small logjam. They stank in the sharp fall air with the pervasive stench of a dead shorthorn

I had once found near the Manistee River. Oh, well. Sport will be sport. No doubt someone had illegally clubbed a few for his smokehouse. Clubbed or pitched them out with a fork or shovel as one pitches manure. They are surprisingly good if properly smoked, though you must slice and scrape out the belly fat because of the concentrated DDT found there. But in the stream, in their fairly advanced stage of deliquescence, with backs and snouts scarred and sore and whitish, they looked considerably less interesting than floundering carp. How could a steelhead swim through this aquatic garbage to spawn? Time in later, maybe another year or two, folks.



I walked back to my car and drove west two miles to the stream mouth. This confluence of waters has never produced any really big trout, but it is fine for close-to-home fishing. I rigged my steelhead rod, put on my waders and began casting into a mild headwind, which required a low-profile turnover. Around here one learns to appreciate anything less than 15 knots, though if the water is too still the fishing is bad. I am not a pretty caster and my ability to

double-haul, thus increasing line speed, is imperfect; when you flunk a double haul the line whips and cracks, then collapses around your head and you are frustrated and sad as only a flycaster can be, glad only that no one was watching. I hooked two small fish on an attractor pattern and lost them after a few jumps. Then I hooked a larger fish on a lightly weighted Muddler and within an asthmatic half hour of coaxing I beached it. I was breathless, insanely excited. A steelhead, maybe six pounds with a vague pink stripe and short for his weight, chunky, muscular, a very healthy fish. Yum. Then this retired contractor from Ann Arbor I know came along and began casting with a small spoon and light spinning tackle. He is a pleasant sort, mildly arthritic, so his sport exacts no small amount of pain—the water is cold and the wind is cold and moist. He fished for an hour or so before he hooked an ungodly animal, a steelhead that porpoised like a berserk marlin, easily the largest I had ever seen. It made a long lateral run and he followed it down the beach for a few hundred yards before the fish turned and headed out for South Manitou Island and, beyond that, Wisconsin. It cleaned him. We sat and talked about the beast and I could see that his hands were shaking.

Three more fishermen came along and began casting in my spot with huge treble-hooked spoons. One of them quickly changed to a heavy bell sinker to which he had attached large hooks. They were using what is known in Michigan as the "Newaygo Twitch"; three easy turns of the reel and then a violent reef. It is a fine method for foul-hooking and snagging coho and chinook, even spawning steelhead and lake trout. The Michigan Department of Natural Resources has submitted to political pressure and ruled that foul-hooked salmon can be kept rather than released and this ruling has encouraged bores by the thousand to use the twitch method to the exclusion of all other styles of fishing. I have seen sportsmen snag upwards of 200 pounds of lake trout—incredibly far over the legal limit—in the Leland River where the fish are in layers devouring their own aborted spawn below the dam. And these people have been led to think they are fishing. Anyway, I left the beach immediately. I stopped into Dick's Tavern to calm my abraded

continued

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nerves. I often fantasize about bullwhipping these creeps as Mother Nature's Dark Enforcer. When my imagination for vengeance is depleted I think about moving to Montana where such yuks, I suppose, are as plentiful, but seem at least less visible. It is strange to see a government agency sponsoring acts that are a degradation of the soul of sport. It is as if the National Football League were to encourage and promote face-mask tackling. Take a firm grasp and rip his damn head off.

It is a silly mistake, I've found, to assume that rules of fair play are shared. I have met and talked at length with men who harry and club to death both fox and coyote from snowmobiles. It should not seem necessary to pass laws against so base and resolutely mindless a practice, but it is necessary. I suppose that in simplistic terms our acquisitive and competitive urges have been transferred directly to sport—one can "win" over fish or beast but, unlike what happens in other forms of sport, the violator disregards all the rules. A certain desolate insensitivity persists: I know some seemingly pleasant enough young men who in the past have gathered up stray dogs to use as target practice to hone their skills. This is not the sort of thing one can argue about. Neither can one question the logic of the hunting club members who bait deer with apples, corn and a salt lick, and then on the crisp dawn of the first day of the season fire away at the feeding animals. Or marksmen who hang around rural dumps to get their garbage bear. Or those who wander around swamps adjacent to lakes in the spring collecting gummy sacks of spawning pike; usually they are the same people who tell you that fishing "isn't what it used to be." To be sure, the majority of sportsmen follow the laws with some care, but the majority is scarcely overwhelming. More like a plurality with a grand clot of the indifferent buffering the middle. And silent, at best. Not to mention the chuckle-wink aspect, the we're-all-cowpokes-ain't-we attitude, of so many judges who mete out wrist-slap fines to game-law violators.

I think I was about 14 when the problem first became apparent to me. It was late in November near the end of the deer season, very cold up in Michigan with a foot of fine powder snow, not bad to walk in as it burst around one's

feet like weightless down or fluff. I was hunting along a ridge that completely encircled a large gully forming a bowl. At the bottom of the bowl there was a small marsh of tag alder, snake-grass, dried-up cattails and brake, and perhaps four or five slender tamarack. I sat down on a boulder to eat my lunch and watch the swale, thinking it might hold a large buck or even a young spike-horn. Across my lap I held an antique 38-40, the accuracy of which was less than profound but better anyhow than the shotgun and slug my friends used, which was an embarrassment to them. After an hour of sitting and staring, staring so hard that my eyes tried to trace the shapes I wanted to see, four deer calmly walked out of the far side of the swale. I looked at them quickly through my peepsight. All female. They picked their way cautiously single file toward a sumac thicket on the side of the hill, trying to minimize the time spent in the open. But then an explosion, a barrage, a fusillade. The first doe made the thicket and bounded up and over the ridge. The second dropped in her tracks but the third, shot probably in the hind-quarters, tried to drag herself back to the swale by her forefeet. Then she was hit again and was still. The fourth doe ran in narrowing, convulsive circles until she dropped.

I don't remember thinking anything. I only watched. Three men walked down the hill and looked at the deer. They were talking but were too far away for me to hear distinctly. I sat very still until their red forms disappeared. I didn't go down the hill and look at the dead deer. I thought the game warden might come along and think I had shot them and the fine for shooting a doe would be enormous for someone who earned at best \$2 a day for hoeing potatoes. I hunted without thought for a few more hours, getting a hopeless shot at a distant buck, and then walked to the car where I was to meet my father when it began to get dark. All the staccato noise of the rifle shots had served to remind me of the Korean war and what it must sound like. Pork Chop Hill was much in the news in those days.

I think it was Edward Abbey who coined the phrase "cowboy consciousness" to describe that peculiar set of attitudes many Americans still hold: the land is endless, unspoiled, mysterious, still re-

continued

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Nikon Ultra Compact Binoculars




GRIM REAPERS continued

maiming to be overcome and finally won. So shoot, kill, bang-bang-bang. WOW! And city dwellers, it seems, who come to the country during the hunting and fishing seasons, are now more guilty of these attitudes than their rural counterparts, who sense the diminishing wilderness around them, the truncated freedom of movement. Every dentist and machinist and welder and insurance adjuster in Michigan either owns or wants to own 20 posted acres "up north."

But we are hopeless romanticists about this imaginary Big Woods—it simply no longer exists in any faintly viable form. Even one of the far corners of creation, the North Slope of the Brooks Range, is littered with oil drums. It seems funny, too, to discover that every American in the deepest little synapse in his brain considers himself a natural at hunting and fishing, a genetic Pete Maravich of the outback, wherever that is. We always tell each other that the deer are on the ridges today or in the swamps or clustered in the grape arbors or frittering away the morning behind the woodpile despite the fact that few of us could identify five trees at gunpoint. And every little rural enclave has its number of wise old owls who have spent a lifetime sipping draft beer and schnapps and are rife with such wittacisms as "you greenhorns couldn't hit a bull in the butt with a bango. Now back in 1928, why..." The point is that in the old days the rivers were stiff with giant bull trout and deer wandered the countryside in grand herds like Idaho sheep. You didn't even have to aim. This cowboy consciousness is so ingrained and overwhelming in some violators that they will suffer any risks. A poacher near here was arrested for the 20th time, fined \$1,000 and given 165 days in jail. An equal punishment was given to two men who dynamited a rainbow holding pond at a weir. I somehow doubt that this will discourage them.

I feel a very precise melancholy when I hear rifle shots in the middle of a September night; the jacklighters are at work after a tepid evening at the bowling alley. Picture this recent local case. A yellow cone of light is shining into a field. It is a powerful beam and nothing animate within a hundred yards escapes its illumination. Three teen-agers are sitting in an old Mercury playing the light against the backdrop of woods and field

continued

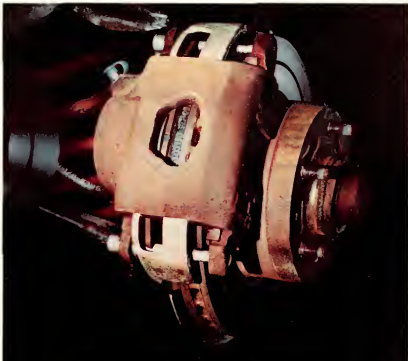


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as they drive slowly along a gravel road. One of them has a loaded rifle. If a deer is spotted the light paralyzes it hypnotically. The deer will stare without motion into the light and even the shabbiest marksman can pick his shot. But this will prove an unfortunate sight for shining deer. A car approaches from the rear at high speed and swerves in front of the hunters to block any escape. It is Reino Narva, the game warden, to the rescue. In this particular instance all of the culprits are juveniles and first offenders and the sentences are light.

There is nothing inscrutable about the matter of violation. I fancy myself an amateur naturalist and have hot flashes when I think of the sins of my past, harmless and usual though they may be. I think of the large brown trout I caught at age 12 by illegal set line in the Muskegon River. Turtles had eaten all but its head by the time I pulled the line in. I nailed the head to the barn alongside my pike and bass skulls as if I had caught the fish by fair means. Or the roosting grouse stalked and shot with a .22. Or diving into a lake for weeks on end with a knife, handle in mouth, to carve the heads off turtles we flushed from logs. We thought they were killing our fish. Or shooting crows. Or shooting at deer in midsummer with bow and arrow, though I don't remember ever coming close. All the mindless sins of youth committed in the haze of reading Edgar Rice Burroughs, Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Jack London and Ernest Seton; wanting to be a steely half-breed Robert Mutchum type with hatchet, revolver, cartridge belt and a long mane of hair trained with bear grease.

Gentle reader, rules will never stop the jacklighter and snagger, the violator. It is not so much that enforcement of the law is inept, but that respect for the spirit of the law is insufficient. And in Michigan there are fabulous ironies; a portion of any fine for a game violation is earmarked as "restitution to the state." But you might well be shining your deer in an opening in a forest that has been ravaged by the oil interests—public land doled away for peanuts by conservationists in a state with boggling population and recreation problems. Or you might get caught snagging a trout in Manistee Lake where a paper company belches out thousands of gallons of fluid waste

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GRIM REAPERS *continued*

daily into public waters so rank that a motorboat scarcely can manage a wake. Who is violating what? Or as René Char said, "Who stands on the gangplank directing operations? The captain or—the rats?" Not a very subtle distinction, herenabouts. The problems seem, and perhaps are, insuperable. The political-business-conservation relationship in Michigan often reminds one of old-style Boston politics; everyone gets a piece of the action but the pie itself suffers from terminal rot. Of course, this is ho-hum stuff now. Pollution is "in committee" everywhere and government is firming up its stand, à la kumquat jelly, with a lid of yellow paraffin. I have a dreamy plot afoot for a court test to be decided on Saturn wherein the Constitution and Bill of Rights would be made to apply to fish and mammals.

Finally, it is a very strange arrogance in man that enables him to chase the last of the whales around the ocean for profit, shoot polar bear cubs for trophies, allow Count Blah-Blah to blast \$85 pheasants in one day. It is much too designed to be called crazy or impetuous.

Those lines of Robert Duncan's about Robin Hood come back to me now: "How we loved him/in childhood and hoped to abide by his code/that took life as its law!" The key word here is "code." Sport must be sporting. We have a strong tendency to act the weasel in the hen house. At dawn not a single cluck was heard. It might be preposterous to think we will change, but there are signs. Judges are becoming sterner and people are aware of environmental problems to a degree not known in this country before. Game wardens get more cooperation from the ordinary citizen than they used to. Violating is losing its aura of rube cuteness.

The true violator, though, will persist in all of his pathological glory. Even if there were no game left on earth, something would be devised. Maybe a new sport on this order: ganghooking Farmer Brown's pigs. A high-speed power winch mounted on a vehicle hood is required, and a harpoon with large hooks. You shoot the harpoon over the pig's back and press the winch button. Zap! You've got yourself a squealer. Precautions: make sure Farmer Brown is away for the day, and take your finger off the winch button in time or the pork will really fly.

END

It wasn't prudery that made her kiss through a handkerchief. It was panic.

No sooner was the World War I Armistice declared than the universe was rocked by a more deadly horror. Influenza.

It raged from continent to continent. It mowed down 5 million in India. Some 400,000 in the United States died from it. In a few short months it killed off more people than the four years of World War I.

Because nobody then knew how this devastating disease spread from person to person, some strange "remedies" were tried. The New York Public Library stopped all circulation of books. Barber shops went out of business. The New York Medical Society warned

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And every year about half the reading, listening and viewing population of the United States becomes infected with a recurring fever in the ebbing days of summer. They are, of course, afflicted by the bug *Certatis Moodus Baseballi*, which has been incubating for a 162-game season to determine the protagonists who will meet in October to vie for the baseball championship of the world. The World Series is baseball's greatest show and many people maintain that it is the premier spectacle of all professional sports in terms of

sustained interest and attendance. Other championship events may be older, like the U. S. Open or the Kentucky Derby, and others, like the Indianapolis 500, may draw more fans on a single day. But since 1903, when its format was established as we know it today, the Series has attracted more people and more money than any other sports playoff in the world.

In the 67 Series meetings between representatives of the American and National Leagues, some 16,580,000 spectators have attended the games. Total receipts, including broadcast rights fees, have reached the astounding mark of nearly \$155 million. As many as 420,000 fans have attended a single Series and gate receipts have ranged from \$50,000 to over \$3,500,000. The players, who share in only the first four games' box office take, are paid according to a winning-losing ratio. In the early days, a winning player's share amounted to a

little more than \$1,000 and the losing player's share at one time dipped below \$500. Today the rewards have ballooned. In 1969, when league divisional playoffs were established, the players shared in combined receipts from the playoffs and the Series. Each winning player received over \$18,000 and each losing player \$14,000.

THE SEEDS OF CHALLENGE

The Boston Americans Dare Pittsburgh's Pirates

Before 1903, the officially recognized year for the beginning of "modern" World Series competition, there were several matches arranged between erstwhile winners of the National and American Association Leagues. The first such informal meeting for the "championship of the United States" occurred in 1854 when the Providence Grays locked in combat with—would you believe—the New York Mets, more

formally known in those days as the Metropolitans. The Providence champions were led by a legendary pitcher named Charles "Old Hoss" Radbourn who during the season had racked up a total of 60 wins and 12 losses. Radbourn proved out his record by winning three straight games over the hapless Mets.

In succeeding years rival league champions met for symbolic trophies known as the Temple Cup and The Dauvray Cap. In one ludicrous series, played in 1887, the Detroit Wolverines and the St. Louis Browns played an incredible marathon of 15 games, with the Browns winning ten games to five.

Thereafter, Series competition was sporadic until 1903 when the American League, led by its president, Ban Johnson, literally forced the older National into a challenge match. (It was much like the mutual meeting of minds between the NFL and AFL in professional football.) The first meeting matched the Pittsburgh Pirates, or Pirates, against the Boston Americans, later to be known as the Red Sox. The series was to be decided on a best-of-nine games basis, that is, the first team to win five games would be declared the winner. Pittsburgh, led by the peerless



John P. (Honus) Wagner was considered the stronger entry, but the Pirates were hampered by injuries to key pitchers. The Boston team was paced by the fine pitching of Bill Dineen, who later became an umpire, and the veteran Denton T. (Cy) Young, who won more than 500 games in his career. Dineen won three games and Young two to lead the Red Sox to victory, five games to three. For Pittsburgh, the hero was pitcher Charles (Deacon) Phillippe. The Deacon pitched five complete games, winning three and losing two. Honus Wagner batted a pitiful .222 and made six errors. Indeed, both clubs



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performed poorly in the field, making a total of 32 errors, a record surpassed only by the 34 miscues committed by the Pirates and Detroit Tigers in 1909.

The following year saw the only break in World Series competition. The Boston Red Sox repeated as champions of the American League and were set to meet the National League winners,

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the New York Giants, managed by John J. McGraw. However, the brilliant but often irascible McGraw, backed by the Giants owner, John T. Brush, refused to meet the Red Sox and the Series was not played that year. In 1905 the Giants won the NL pennant again and Brush, heeding the clamor for a resumption of



championship play agreed to meet the Philadelphia Athletics in a best-of-seven series of games. The Series proved to be a sweet one for McGraw and a disaster for Connie Mack's A's.



For the fans it turned out to be a superb exhibition of pitching skill. Every game was a shutout, with the Giants winning four games to one. The all-American ace of the New York staff, Christy Mathewson, set an unparalleled record by notching three consecutive victories without allowing a run and giving up only 14 hits. The only game won by the Athletics was a shutout by Chief Bender.

The 1905 Series marked the high point of John McGraw's success in championship playoffs. Although he led the Giants to eight more pennants he wound up with one of the poorest Series records with two wins and six losses, including three straight defeats in 1911-12-13 and two more in 1923-24.

A FEAST OF FIGURES FOR THE RECORD BUFFS

Throughout the years of the World Series, interest in past records has burgeoned, especially among those fans who dote on the "stats" and will rise to concert pitch in argumentation over who did what and where and when, who had the most, the fewest and the highest and lowest. The official World Series Record Book contains over 400 pages of fine type detailing every conceivable record and statistic of all the players who ever participated in a Series game. It is probably the most meticulous, and sometimes ludicrous, compendium of figures ever produced in sport. It dutifully reports such trivia as "Fewest Wild Pitches, Series, Both Clubs," or "Most Times Faced Pitcher, Twice, Inning, Series" (2 times, by Stanley F. Musial). But perhaps the most arcane and impossible record is listed as "Most Base on Balls received by Batter in an Inning." The answer is 2 and the record is held by one of the most inept batters in history, Vernon (Lefty) Gomez, who was walked twice in one inning in 1987 by, of all people, Carl Hubbell.

While many of the records are freakish, most of them are genuine and of real interest. Some are most surprising, involving success or failure of the established superstars who have competed in the Series. Among the all-time batting champions, the list of those who failed to produce a batting average of better than .275 is enough to shred boyhood beliefs in Santa Claus and the Great Pumpkin. Tyrus Raymond Cobb, who won 12 American League batting titles and holds the highest lifetime hitting average (.367) of all players, produced an average of a mere .262 in three World Series and failed to bat in a single run. Other established hitters did a little better. Consider Homey Wagner with an

average of .274, or Joe DiMaggio with .271. Then there were other luminaries who fared even worse than Cobb. Rogers Hornsby, the all-time top hitter in the National League batted a mere .245; Stan Musial fished out .256; the incomparable Willie Mays .294; and the legendary Ted Williams .300.

Some of the game's greatest pitchers also suffered ignominy in the World Series. After his magnificent performance in the 1905 championship in which he tossed three shutouts,



Christy Mathewson came up with an arm of clay. In three subsequent playoffs he managed only two more victories and lost five games to wind up with a career record of 5 and 5. Walter Johnson, the fabled Big Train, pitched in six Series games and came up with a 3W and 3L record, allowing 56 hits in 51 innings. Another speedball pitcher, Bobby Feller of the Cleveland Indians, lost two games and won none in the only appearance he made in Series competition.

Not all the super stars were plagued by disappointing Series play. A few shone with their customary brilliance and produced extraordinary and enduring records. For example, the Yankees' durable Lou Gehrig



thrived on Series pitching when the chips were down. In 34 games spanning seven matches, he batted .361 and collected 43 hits, including eight doubles, three triples and ten homers. In the 1928 Series Lou went to bat 11 official times, collected six hits, including one double, four home runs (a record) and batted in nine runs (also a record). Although the top mark for runs batted in for total Series is held by Mickey Mantle with 40, it took him 63 games to accomplish the feat. In contrast, Gehrig needed only 34 games to drive 35 runs across the plate.

Shoeless Joe Jackson, considered by many to possess the finest natural swing in baseball had a batting mark of .345, this despite the fact that he was involved in the "Black Sox" scandal when he and seven of his teammates conspired to throw the 1919 Series to the Cincinnati Reds. That year he set a record of 12 hits in eight games. Imagine what he might have done if he had really been trying.

Other big-name hitters who distinguished themselves included Jimmy Foxx (.344), Henry Aaron (.344), Al Simmons (.329) and Eddie Collins (.328). But it remained for the most flamboyant star of them to fashion the most remarkable, most prodigious set of records in World Series history. He was, of course, George Herman (Babe) Ruth. The Babe not only broke records, he demolished them. Consider these exploits. In ten World Series (41 games) he batted .326, with a total of 42 hits. He scored 37 runs (only five behind Mantle's record of 42 scored in 65 games), clouted 5 doubles, two triples and 15 homers and drove in 29

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runs. The homer total works out to a stunning statistic: Every eight-and-a-half times he appeared at bat in Series play the Bambino whacked the ball out of the park. The list of his record achievements is too long to set down in full, but here are some highlights. Ruth compiled the highest batting average for a single Series, .635 in

1928 (10 hits in 16 at bats, including three doubles and three homers, which came in one game). He batted over .300 in six different Series and walloped two or more homers in one game four times (two in one game twice and three in one game twice). He also shares the record for most home runs in a single series (4). Oh yes, the lumbering Babe

holds a little known record for base stealing, along with such gifted speedsters as Ty Cobb and Lou Brock he stole two bases in a single inning.

While Ruth is chiefly known for his batting deeds, he also racked up a remarkable pitching record when he was with the Boston Red Sox. He pitched three games and won them all,



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and set a record by pitching 29% consecutive innings without allowing a run. This scoreless skin remained on the books until it was broken 43 years later by Whitey Ford. Ruth's earned run average of .37 per nine inning game is the second lowest in history, outranked only by Harry Brecheen's .83 per game. The Babe's record of

pitching more innings (14) in a single game still stands. Oh, by the way, he played at four different positions in World Series play—RF, LF, P, 1B—also a record.

IMPROBABLE HEROES & VICTIMS

Some 1500 players have participated in the World Series. They range from

Lawrence Peter Berra, the un-nuchalant veteran of 75 games, to the likes of Lawrence William Gilbert, who appeared once as a pinch hitter (he walked) for the Boston Braves in 1914. From this vast cast of characters several unlikely players have upstaged the headlines to stem the tide or release the floodgates of Series' fortunes. Quickly brought to mind of baseball historians are such names as Al Gionfriddo, Sandy Amoros, Mickey Owen, Floyd Bevens, Fred Snodgrass, all of whom were involved in critical moments that proved how thin is the line between victory and defeat. Gionfriddo was the substitute outfielder who made a miraculous catch



of a Joe DiMaggio bid for a home run to preserve a victory for the Dodgers in 1947; Sandy Amoros did much the same by plucking a Yogi Berra drive near the left-field foul pole to start a game-saving double play and pave the way for the Dodgers' first World Series victory in 1955; luckless Mickey Owen, with two-out in the ninth and the Dodgers leading, missed a swinging third strike by the Yankees' Tommy Henrich and New York rallied for four runs to win the fourth game of the 1941 Series; Bevens was within one out of pitching a no-hitter against the Dodgers in 1947 when pinch hitter Cookie Lavagetto doubled off the right field wall to win the game; Snodgrass made his muff heard round the baseball world in 1912 when he dropped a lazy fly ball in the 10th inning of the final game of the 1912 Series that led to a victory by the Philadelphia Athletics over the NY Giants.

These incidents, and many others that were pivotal, have provided fans with considerable "might-have-been" fodder to chew on. The Series has also been studded with performances that baseball buffs find fascinating and often improbable. For all their redoubtable slugging prowess, neither Babe Ruth nor Lou Gehrig hold the records for runs batted in for a Series or a single game. Those achievements are the prideful property of Bobby Richardson, the steady second baseman of the New York Yankees. In the 1960 Series against the Pirates, he swung a

bat with astounding authority that belied his reputation as being perhaps the lightest hitter in the New York lineup. In one game he drove in six runs, including four resulting from a grand slam home run. For the Series he drove in 12 runs on 11 hits. Both RBI marks still stand. Four years later, playing against the St. Louis Cardinals, Richardson went on another batting tear to fashion 13 hits, a record that was tied in 1968 by the Cardinals' Lou Brock. Brock, incidentally, holds the top batting average mark for total Series, based on participation in at least 20 games: .391. The fleet outfielder also holds the record for most stolen bases (7) in a single series, a feat he accomplished twice. With Eddie Collins he shared the record for total Series stolen bases with 14.

Although Brock retains the batting crown, other players have topped his mark but have not been accorded record book recognition because they played in less than 20 games. They include John L. (Pepper) Martin of the old Cardinal gashouse gang who chalked up a mark of .418. An even higher figure was fashioned by onetime Yankee third baseman Bobby Brown, now a highly successful surgeon in Dallas. In 17 games Bobby batted .439 with 18 hits in 41 at bats. His hit total included five doubles and three triples, and he batted in nine runs. In his first World Series, against the Dodgers, he made history by appearing as a pinch hitter four times and batting 1.000 (three hits and a walk, three RHIs). Other Series pinch hitters who distinguished themselves were rollicking Dusty Rhodes of the New York Giants and little-known Chuck Essegian of the L. A. Dodgers. Rhodes, strictly a "good hit, no-field" player, was one of the invincible darlings of Giant fans in the 1954 four-game sweep over the Cleveland Indians. In three consecutive pinch hitting appearances, Dusty cracked one homer and two singles and batted in six runs. His homer in the tenth inning of the first game won the contest for the Giants. He also hit another homer after he was inserted into lineup in the second game and wound up with a batting average of .667. Essegian set a record in the 1959 Series between the Dodgers and White Sox when he wallowed two pinch-hit homers.

Four-base blows are not the exclusive province of power-hitting fielders. Pitchers, usually considered the patois in a team's lineup, have belted home runs in World Series play. In fact, since 1905 seven have been hit by moundmen, including two in 1967 and two in 1968. Baltimore Oriole hurler Dave McNally has hit two in successive years (1969-70) and the one



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he put into the seats last year was a grand slam. The Cardinals' Bob Gibson, generally considered a fine hitter in his own right, also smacked two home runs, in 1967 and 1968.

Gibson, however, is paid primarily for his pitching ability and he gives good value if his Series record is an indication. In three World Series he has started nine games, completed eight while winning seven and losing two. Five times he has struck out more than ten batters, more than any other pitcher, including Sandy Koufax, who has turned the trick three times. Gibson also holds the strikeout marks for a single game (17) and for a Series (36). In three Series competitions he has whiffed 92 batters, second only to the leading figure of 94 set by Whitey Ford. However, it took Ford 22 games to reach his record compared to the nine games in which Gibson toiled.

YANKEE DOMINANCE

Like Shooting Fish in a Barrel

The brilliance of individual batting and pitching achievements is outshine in sheer numbers and percentages by the collective records of one club—the New York Yankees. Much to the dismay of National League rosters and defenders, the proud Bronx Bombers assembled a skein of World Series successes that is positively outrageous. Indeed, a cult of Yankee haters had been feeding on the canker of frustration for so long that it seemed the patient would never find a cure. But the malady subsided after 1963 when the New Yorkers buttoned up their last Series win. (Although the Yanks won the AL pennant in '63 and '64, they suffered successive losses to the National League teams—Dodgers and Cards—for the first time since the Giants whipped them in 1921 and 1922.)

But long before their seemingly overdue decline and fall, the Yankees founded a dynasty that established a string of pennants and Series victories that probably never will be equalled or even approached. Considering the fact that 19 years elapsed before they won their first pennant (1921), the record of the Yanks is even more remarkable. Actually, they got off to a poor start in World Series competition before they found the winning habit. In the first four Series in which they participated the New York club lost three times, twice to the Giants in 1921 and 1922 and once to the St. Louis Cards in 1926. But starting in 1927 Yankee lightning struck often and on target. In the 36 years spanned between 1927 and 1963 they captured the American League flag 16 times and won 15 World Series championships. During that same period all the other teams in both

leagues managed only 11 Series victories, four less than the Yankee total alone. The overwhelming dominance of the New Yorkers is borne out by the way they fashioned eight straight wins from 1927 to 1941. The streak started with three consecutive sweeps of four games to 0 over the Cards in 1927, the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1928 and the Chicago Cubs in 1932. The New York Giants broke the whitewash wipeout by winning a total of three games in the '36 and '37 Series, the Yanks winning by margins of 4-2 and 4-1. In '38 and '39 the Yanks resumed their goose-egg superiority by blanking, respectively, the Chicago Cubs and the Cincinnati Reds by 4-0 scores. Failing to win the pennant in 1940, when the Detroit Tigers lost to the Reds 4-3, the Bombers bounced back in 1941 to defeat the Dodgers—who made the Series for the first time since 1920—by a 4 to 1 edge. Thus, in a string of eight winning Series playoffs, the Yankees wound up with the incredible total of 32 game victories against four defeats, enough to set afire the spleen of National League adherents and boosters.

The splendid condition of the Nationals' pride was alleviated in 1942 when the St. Louis Cardinals, led by Enos Slaughter, Terry Moore, Walker Cooper, Johnny Beasley and rookie Stan Musial, finally snapped the invincible Yankees' chain of wins—and by a convincing margin, 4 games to 1. But the Cards' welcome breakthrough proved to be only a small granny knot in New York's string of unprecedented triumphs. The Yankees came back the following year to trounce the Cards 4-1 and embark on another unbeaten binge. Thereafter, they re-established their supremacy by winning six more Series, climaxed by an unprecedented five in a row from 1949 to 1953.

After the '53 Series Yankee superiority faded somewhat. They kept winning the American League pennant in fat bunches from 1955 to 1964, putting together consecutive streaks of four and then five flags in ten years. However, in World Series play their winning express became derailed by aroused National League contenders

who whipped them five times while losing only four times. The National League's most delicious triumph came in 1963 when the Dodgers crammed the patented bitter medicine of the Yanks down their throats by sweeping the Series four games to zip. It was especially sweet and befitting for the Dodgers to apply the humiliation of the goose-egg treatment because in seven previous meetings between the two teams the Yankees had crushed the Dodgers six to one. The Dodger sweep also marked the first time New York was shut out in a Series; the Giants also beat the Yanks 4-0 in 1922 but the straight sweep was marred by one tie game.



If the Yankees have fallen on lean times in recent years—their last Series competition was in 1964—they look back with undeniable pride on a Series record that literally dwarfs that of any other major league club. Between 1921 and 1964 New York has participated in 29 Series, winning 20 of them; they have played in 163 Series games, winning 99, losing 65 and tying one. That means they have been involved in the astounding total of 66% of all Series competition during that span. Even more remarkable, the Yanks have never gone for a period of more than three years without winning a pennant or World Series. Leading the club to



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Series success have been just five managers: the late Miller Huggins posted victories in 1923-27-28; Joe McCarthy in 1932-36-37-38-39-41-43; Stanley (Bucky) Harris in 1947; Charles Dillon (Casey) Stengel in 1948-50-51-52-53-56-58; Ralph Houk in 1961-62 (Yogi Berra managed the Yanks to a pennant in 1964 but lost out in the World Series). Stengel, of course, was the most colorful manager the Yankees ever had, and his record is just as bright. In the 12 years that he piloted the team, the Yanks won ten pennants, including consecutive strings of five and four, and captured the World Series seven times. However, Oie Case is not the most successful manager in Yankee Series history. That distinction belongs to Marce Joe McCarthy who led the Yanks to seven series wins—including six in a row—as against one defeat. Incidentally, McCarthy is the only manager ever to represent both American and National Leagues in World Series competition. In his one appearance as a National League manager his Chicago Cubs lost out to the Philadelphia Athletics in 1929.

To help them achieve their sparkling managerial record, Yankee skippers had a cast of outstanding player talent. In fact, many detractors accused them of being "push-button managers" who fed this talent into the lineup like an engineer stuffing statistics into a computer to produce a winning blueprint. Indeed, each manager was blessed with consistently productive players. Huggins, for example, had the aforementioned Ruth and Gehrig, plus solid performers like Tony Lazzari, Earle Combs, Bob Meusel and pitchers Herb Pennock and Waite Hoyt. McCarthy could call on DiMaggio, Bill Dickey, Charlie Keller, Charley Ruffing and Vernon Lefty Gomez, who holds the record of six Series pitching wins without a defeat.



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And when Stengel prowled the dugout, he had the incomparable services of Mickey Mantle, Allie Reynolds, Roger Maris, Whitey Ford (who set a record for most Series wins, 10) and Yogi Berra (who played in more Series games—75—than any other player). Stengel also had available some steady if not spectacular stars like Elston





Howard, Bill Skowron, Gene Woodling and Hank Bauer. The tough-bitten Bauer seemed to come up with great efforts in the Series. He holds an unequalled record of hitting safely in 17 consecutive Series games in a span from 1956 through 1959. He is also tied with Ruth, Gehrig and Duke Snider for most home runs hit in one Series—four.

MOMENTS OF DRAMA

Although the Yankees hold most of the records set in World Series play—principally because they had more opportunities—many other players have contributed memorable moments that are always savored by fans and historians. Probably the single most dramatic bit of derring-do occurred in the 1947 Series when Floyd Revens was on his way to pitching a no-hitter over the Dodgers. Going into the ninth inning the Yanks were leading 2-1, the Dodgers getting their one run as a result of Revens' wildness (he issued ten walks). With one out, the Yankee pitcher walked Carl Furillo, but the next batter fouled out and Brooklyn was down to its last out. Then Giofriddo came in as a pinch-runner and promptly stole second. The next batter was Pete Reiser, who was crippled but was feared as a hitter. Yankee manager Buckey Harris made a decision that is a subject of debate to this day. He ordered Reiser to be passed intentionally, thereby putting the winning run on first base. Cocks Lavagetto then bounced a double off the right field wall for the only hit off Revens to score both runners ahead of him and win the game for the Dodgers 3-2 and send the faithful flock of Ebbetts Field rosters into an absolute frenzy of joy.

Another game-deciding feat involved Enos (Country) Slaughter, one of the most determined ball players ever to appear in the World Series. In the final game of the 1945 Series, the Cards and Red Sox were tied at three games apiece. Going into the eighth inning, with the score tied, Slaughter singled but remained at first base when the next two batters fled out. But Harry Walker lined a clean hit to left

center and Enos took off and never stopped running until he slid across the plate with the winning run. The Red Sox shortstop, Johnny Pesky, who received the relay throw from the outfield, was so startled to see Slaughter that he hesitated slightly and his belated throw failed to nip the runner. Pitcher Harry Brecheen then shut out the Sox in the ninth to win his third victory of the Series.

Another Cardinal hero was the venerable Grover Cleveland Alexander who made headlines in 1926 by saving the seventh game of the Series with a dramatic piece of relief pitching. Old Alex, then 39, had pitched and won a complete game the day before against the Yankees. He came into the game in the seventh with the bases loaded and the Cards trying to hang onto a one run lead. The batter was Tony Lazzeri, one of New York's brightest batting stars. After Tony whacked a long drive into the stands that barely curved foul, Alexander struck him out and then preserved the lead in the eighth and ninth inning to win the Series for the Cards.



THE DECISION MAKERS

They don't make game-winning hits or pitch shutouts but the umpires who make the critical ball or strike, safe or out decisions are just as vital and important to World Series competition as any of the participating players. Without their supervision and strict interpretation of the rules of baseball, the championship would be meaningless. Many of them have appeared much more often in the Series than veteran players. The record is held by the legendary William J. Klem ("I never made a wrong call in my life") who in a span between 1908 and 1940 umpired in 18 World Series.

Their jobs are exacting, but they are pretty well paid. Last year, after a threatened strike by the Major League Umpires Association prior to the World Series, an agreement was reached for a pay scale that increased the Series umpires' fee to \$7,500 for 1970 and 1971; and \$8,000 for '72 and '73. Most observers feel they deserve the increase.



When the Series was first started, only two umpires worked the games. The number was increased to four in 1910 through 1946. Since 1947 six umpires have been used in all games, four stationed at the plate and each of the bases and two patrolling the left and right field foul lines. They are assigned on a rotation basis, with the more experienced men given priority.

Three men from each League are chosen, with National League umpires given chief responsibilities when a game is played in a National League stadium, and vice versa when the home park is in the American League. Because there are small differences in signs and methods of calling plays between each league, the assigned team of umpires has several meetings before each game to go over specific ground rules for each stadium and to work out a system of internal communication on sticky calls. One of the biggest problems of the umpires is to make sure they have immediate support from fellow crewmen on a call that has been obscured. For example, most umpires are agreed that the plate umpire's most difficult decision is on a checked or half swing by the batter. If he is in the least unsure, he will make no bones about asking for help from the first base umpire if the batter is right-handed, and from the third base umpire if the hitter is left-handed—in other words, he will appeal to the man on the open side of the plate. Nestor Chylak, a veteran AL umpire who has appeared in three World Series, claims that another sticky call is on a foul-tipped third strike that a catcher may or may not have caught cleanly near the dirt. "Hell," says Chylak, "you can't see through a catcher's backside from your crouching position and you need help from an ump who had a front view of the play."

Because of the importance and money value of the Series, the umpires are extra careful to be patient and temperate in decisions involving suspension of a game on account of



inclement weather or tossing a player out of the game. Until recent years, the Baseball Commissioner had sole judgment in such decisions. Probably the most famous case occurred in 1934 when Cardinal star Joe Medwick got into a hassle with Tiger third baseman Marv Owen over a hard slide in which Owen was ricked by Medwick's spikes. When Medwick went out to left field after the incident the Detroit fans littered the field with fruit, cups, bottles and other debris, making it impossible for Medwick to take his position. Commissioner Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis then ordered the umpire-in-chief to remove Medwick from the game "for his own safety" and to allow the game to continue.

Today, the umpires have sole jurisdiction over removing a player or calling a game because of rain (in 1969 umpire Shag Crawford ejected Baltimore Oriole manager Earl Weaver from a game for overly-vehement protestations over ball and strike calls). However, the umpire must inform the Commissioner of his intention and why he is making the decision. But the umpires are still under the scrutiny of and possible punishment by the Commissioner for their own conduct on the field. In the 1955 Series between the Cubs and Tigers, umpire George Moriarty got into a running battle with Cub manager Charley Grimm and several Cub players. After the Series Landis fined Grimm and three Cub players \$200 apiece; but he also fined umpire Moriarty \$200 for use of "improper language" in his altercations with the Cubs.

But whatever their differences, the ball players and the umpires share mutual respect. And when the men in blue call "play ball" for this year's series, the fans in the stands and the approximately 40 to 50 million TV viewers will know they will be seeing the biggest, best-run show baseball has to offer.

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Now is a good time to call everybody's attention to some scarcely random notes that arise in the first place, **Actress Nian Foch**, whose mother back in The Netherlands was a championship swimmer, reveals she gave up body surfing a couple of years ago following a wipe-out in the rollers of Manhattan Beach, Calif. and now restricts her paddling to a backyard pool. Then, over in London, Playwright **Harold Pinter** is quoted as saying that he got the inspiration for his latest work, *Old Times*, while watching a cricket match. Finally, Mayor **George Hobbs** of Santa Maria, Calif. has upheld the municipal honor by helping win a doubles match in the 1971 Rebel Cup competition between his community and nearby Lompoc.

All of which brings us up to the minute this Columbus Day week on how it is with Nina and Pinter and Santa Maria.

This week's Captains Outrageous award goes to **John Fangman**, a police captain from Dubuque, Iowa, and a tough law-and-order man. Seems the town's self-proclaimed Midnight Marauders, who heisted a pizza last winter from a Dubuque delivery truck (but later sent money to pay for it), recently proposed a sporting venture. How about a footrace, said the Marauders, between one of their merry band and a policeman, with amnesty for the Marauders if their man won? Win or lose, the band promised to donate a sum to a police charity. No deal, said Captain Fangman. Awww.

Los Angeles' environmental coordinator, **Jack L. White**, has resigned after only four months on the job. All that smog too much for him? Well, it was not just the smog. He was also frustrated by the municipal chain of command, which had him re-



+

porting directly to **Arthur O. Spaulding**, the city's petroleum administrator.

◆ Whoever called her "The Brute" was on something stronger than a diet cola. Still, this **Actress Elke Sommer**, whose forehead smash earned her that nickname, and the forehead is formidable. But so are the neat tennis togs she wears these days, most of which, like these, she designed herself and which she and Hollywood tennis doyenne **Juliana Ogner** are marketing from their new firm in Beverly Hills. Elke, anyone?

The season is just now hitting its stride, but we've already settled on our choice for football's Family of the Year. Dad and mom are **Harry and Anne Mae Latourette** of Jonesboro, Ark., and last weekend was fairly typical. On Friday night they went to the local high school game, where daughter **Libby** performs as a majorette at halftime. Saturday morning they hopped at their Beechcraft Baron and flew to Memphis to see **Alan**, their son the tailback, play for Southwestern in the afternoon. On to Baton Rouge for the night game between Rice and LSU, where

son **Bill** was a defensive back for Rice. Up in the air again on Sunday to St. Louis in time to see oldest son **Chuck** at defensive back for the Cardinals. For their sake, we hope Chuck does not get traded to the 49ers.

They've-No-Business-in-Show-Business Dept. There, on center stage at Radio City Music Hall in New York last week, is this guy dressed in a green windbreaker and khakis and a baseball cap—supposed to be **Weeb Ewbank**, see? And he's backed up by nine guys in green-and-white football uniforms—the Jets football team, see? And all are singing something called *The Big Freeze*, a grideon parody on President Nixon's economic game plan. Aside from the fact that nobody at the Music Hall seemed to know there are 11 chaps on a football team, the singing by baritone **Walter Sikes** and chorus is a definite busted pattern. They should have signed **Matt Snell** and his old hair-cream ensemble.

Used to be you could tell the good guys from the bad in cowboy movies by the color of their Stetsons. At the Oklahoma State Penitentiary they need something a little more distinctive. During the prison's rodeo, in which convicts ride and rope and bust broncos to help purchase recreational equipment and other goodies, the cons are permitted to don the traditional cowboy hats and blue shirts but they must wear their black-and-white striped trousers to distinguish them from the professional rodeo riders who come in to help. Doesn't seem to rile anybody, especially not **Hootley Ben Miller**, who is currently serving four years for forgery. "I've been in prison nine times and I wouldn't miss this for anything," says Hootley. "In fact, I've been accused of coming back just for the rodeo."

We recently reported on **Ziggy the Elephant**, who finally got out of solitary in Brookfield Zoo. Comes now **Old Crow**, who got himself into solitary in Miyazaki, Japan. Once the pet of a local schoolboy, Crow fell into the habit of pecking children. Housewives who tried to catch him discovered he could speak a few phrases and he became a home-town hero. TV announcer **Hiroaki Ishihara** worked with Crow for three days getting him ready for a TV appearance. Alas, Crow refused to talk on camera, so it was off to a children's park, where he once again found his, uh, tongue. Unfortunately, he also found his beak and began pecking again. Now Crow sits in solitary, sulking. And occasionally yelling, "You fool! It serves you damn right!" Does, too.

◆ Here he is, ladies and gentlemen, in this corner, wearing... whoops, no trunks at all, **Roy John**. The boxer was apparently so anxious to get into the ring at Johannesburg, South Africa, that his shorts slipped his mind. The officials obviously wish he'd remembered.



Holy Toledo! Chuck Ealey nearly lost one

The Toledo Rockets have the nation's longest winning streak, 27 games, and their quarterback has a personal one that is even longer, 57. But last week Ohio University came close to putting an end to both

The candlepower in the Glass Bowl is so low that at night the place is more suitable for seances or Halloween parties than the home games of the University of Toledo Rockets. But they have this hobgoblin quarterback named Chuck Ealey who flits in and out of the shadows to elude tacklers, then zings the ball right on the button to one of his receivers, all of whom can see in the dark like owls. His teammates have an almost mystical belief in his ability to get them out of any jam. As one of them says, "The remarkable thing about Ealey is that he has positive thought waves." And well he might. In 57 games of varsity football in high school and college, Charles Ealey Jr. has never lost.

One good reason for all his success, says Ealey, is his habit of projecting men-

tal moves for himself. He visualizes something positive—a gorgeous touchdown pass thrown over a defender—and somehow games usually turn out just the way he pictures them. Ealey started his string of victories at a high school in the town of Portsmouth on the Ohio River, where his teams were 30-0 over three years. At Toledo he has led the Rockets to two unbeaten seasons and two Mid-American Conference championships. And last Saturday night in the gloom of the Glass Bowl he completed 17 of 23 passes for 253 yards and two touchdowns as Toledo beat Ohio U. 31-28. It was the team's 27th straight victory, the longest winning streak in the nation.

Along this victorious way episodes like the following ones have made Ealey the biggest hero in Toledo since Commodore Perry won that big naval battle out in Lake Erie.

Item: Two years ago, in Ealey's fourth varsity game, Toledo trailed by two points at Bowling Green but had possession of the ball on its own 32 with 49 seconds left. Somehow Ealey ran off seven plays in 47 seconds and got his team to the Bowling Green 21. With two seconds remaining on the clock and strong winds blowing through the open stadium, Ken Cross kicked the gamewinning field goal.

Item: Last year against Miami of Ohio, Toledo trailed by six points in the final three minutes. Ealey hit four out of four passes and then, as most of the Miami line tackled decoys, he bootlegged around left end for a touchdown. That and the extra point gave Toledo the game.

Item: The Rockets opened their home season this year against Villanova, the team they had beaten to start the streak in 1969. The score was tied 7-7 with 29 seconds left and Toledo in possession on its own 29. So Ealey, seeing through the Glass Bowl far from dimly, combined with his roommate, Glyn Smith, on a 56-yard pass play that set up a 30-

yard field goal. Of course, Ealey knew it was going to turn out that way all the time.

The coach at the start of the team's winning streak was Frank X. Lauterbur, who suffered through four losing years before getting the Rockets launched in 1967. They won or shared the MAC title three of the next four years, went to the Tangerine Bowl twice and became so respected the AP ranked them 12th nationally last year. This success caused Iowa to hire Lauterbur as its coach after last season. Lauterbur's successor was a former assistant, Jack Murphy, 40, of whom nothing much was expected except to win every game (including another Tangerine Bowl) and thus lengthen the streak to 35.

"This is going to be Frank's team as long as we keep winning," said Murphy. "When we finally lose, it'll be mine. I don't know exactly how you handle a situation like this and there is no one to ask because I don't think anybody ever took over a team with a 23-game winning streak."

Murphy did inherit some good athletes besides Ealey—northwestern Ohio boys who somehow had been overlooked or spurned by Ohio State's Woody Hayes and other Big Ten coaches. One was 230-pound Mel Long, the heaviest man in the Rocket defensive line and the No. 1 reason Toledo has led the nation in defense two straight years.

Long was a so-so player at a Toledo high school and was not recruited by anybody. He joined the Marines, went to Vietnam and won the Navy Cross for singlehandedly killing six of the enemy in one confrontation. When he got out he went to work as a machine operator in a Toledo steel mill and enrolled at the university. He went out for freshman football unasked, as if it were some fraternity team, and developed into what Lauterbur called "the best defensive tackle I've seen in 21 years of coaching." It helped that Long could run the 40-yard dash in 4.7 in pads and leap

continued



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high enough to dunk a football over the crossbar.

Long, who is as reticent as Ealey is smooth, nonetheless takes the spotlight in the locker room after each victory and acts as choirmaster for a dirty dirty the team has been singing for four years. The first line is, "We are the Rocket gridders," and not one line after that is printable.

None of the Rocket gridders seemed to doubt that they would be singing as loudly and loudly as ever after the Ohio U. game. The cockiest of the bunch, Middle Guard Steve Schnitzky (one of the team's four players from Little Archbold, Ohio), was asked what he would do if he were an opposing coach and had to figure out a way to attack the Toledo defense.

"I don't know what I'd do," he said. "I think I'd just give up." And he added, "It's not whether they are going to beat us or not, but how bad they are going to get beat. That's the way I feel, anyway."

Ohio U. had no intention of giving up, however, especially since it had in its backfield a MAC truck, Bill Gary. The first time the Bobcats got the ball Saturday night they behaved as if they intended to make Schnitzky eat his attitude. Giving the ball frequently to Gary and avoiding Mel Long's side, they smashed 85 yards down the field in 13 plays for a touchdown. If the Glass Bowl record crowd of 21,984 couldn't see too well, it didn't need to. It could hear the hitting.

Toledo's defense stiffened after that, and Ealey went to work. The Rockets moved ahead 17-7, only to have Ohio close to 17-14 just before the half. An Ealey-to-Don Fair touchdown pass and an 80-yard burst by Tailback Joe Schwartz on a basic trap play shot Toledo out again 31-14, but again Ohio wouldn't die. It scored twice more to close within three points and was driving in Toledo territory with a little more than three minutes left. Plenty of time to end a win streak. But with fourth down and three to go on the Toledo 37, Ohio fumbled the snap from center and that was it. Ealey, who denied he had visualized that foul-up while watching from the sideline, ran out the clock for his victory No. 57.

Will any opponent—say, undefeated Bowling Green this Saturday—be able to beat Ealey and the Rockets this year? After all, an Ealey team did lose once—

to Michigan when Ealey was a freshman and was injured in the second half. "Well," he said, "some negative thoughts do protect you from becoming overconfident." Then he smiled, and the positive thought waves shot out of him like gamma rays. You knew that inside his head he really couldn't picture such a thing.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

EAST

1. PENN STATE (3-0)
2. ARMY (2-1)
3. DARTMOUTH (2-0)

King Fink sank Missouri quite as easily as if the clawful Tigers had been Navy. J. Kingsley Fink, that is. Army's second-line sophomore quarterback from Eau Gallie, Fla. came on in relief in the second quarter and tossed three touchdown passes to Cadets euphemistically called Sanders, Sinar and Simpson. The receptions by David, John and Bruce were the margin of the 22-6 win.

When Alberto Vitello appeared on the Penn State campus he brought his own kicking shoes and football with him because he did not know the football team supplied such equipment. A uniform and a towel he thought, maybe. The left-footed, mustache soccer-style kicker, a recent arrival from Naples, Italy by way of Long Island, was about ready to throw the towel back in last Saturday. "I was standing on the sidelines thinking, 'I hope they score a touchdown so I don't have to go in,'" he admitted after the Nittany Lions' 16-14 squeaker over Air Force. Vitello had missed an extra-point kick that enabled Air Force to get a 14-13 lead in the last quarter, and he had made only one field goal in five attempts. But Air Force held on the 14. Coach Joe Paterno confidently sent him in and Vitello bisected the up-rights with the winning three-pointer. Shortly preceding this, Fullback Franco Harris had fumbled forward on a sweep of left end and Quarterback John Huftagel, leading the interference, had scooped up the ball without breaking stride, ending with a 27-yard gain to set up the field goal.

For the first time since 1945, seven years before most of its sophomores were born, Columbia defeated Princeton. The 22-30 win barely survived a 32-yard field goal attempt by Princeton in the last six seconds. Earler

Defensive Back Charlie Johnson had rifled through to prevent a game-tying two-point conversion. The Light Blue presented the game ball to Columbia President Bill McGill who, carried away with the moment, made a rather un-busy locker room appearance.

Ed Marinaro of nearby New Milford ruined home-state Rutgers at New Brunswick, N.J., by gaining 266 yards and scoring four touchdowns as Cornell won 31-17 and Marinaro came closer to the all-time NCAA yardage record.

WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (3-0)
2. WASHINGTON (4-0)
3. USC (2-2)

Palo Alto and Durham had one thing in common Saturday evening: puzzlement as to why Duke had been a 14-point underdog. Stanford never crossed the goal line in a 9-3 upset. One good reason was Duke's fiendish seven-man deep pass defense, similar to the "prevent" defense usually used in warm minutes by a winning team, which conceded yardage to prohibit touchdowns. The perimeter defense worked perfectly as Stanford gained 362 yards to Duke's 139 but had to settle for field-goal tries. And placekicker Rod Garcia had a bad day, one for four. Ironically, Duke's touchdown also came because of the perimeter defense. Duke defender Ernie Jackson was a good eight yards off receiver Miles Moore when Stanford Quarterback Don Bunce overthrew Moore, putting the ball directly into Jackson's hands. Jackson was in line position to run 54 yards for the game's only touchdown. It was a particularly ill-advised pass on Bunce's part, since he had been the one to predict Stanford would score six touchdowns. Duke none. He had a bad week all around.

Pepper Rodgers must be wondering why he ever went west from Kansas, for in four tries his UCLA team is winless. Oregon State crushed the Bruins 34-17 as Fullback Dave Schilling gained 103 yards and Quarterback Steve Einfeldt passed 10 times and completed them all. UCLA did lead 17-13 as late as the middle of the third quarter, but when Beaver Ray Taroff took a kickoff 100 yards in 12 seconds, the dam broke. Pepper doctored UCLA's weak ground game by calling in Quarterback Scott Henderson, a third-stringer, to run the formation. Henderson was adequate, but UCLA fizzled.

Arizona State's Sun Devils burned Texas-El Paso with 478 yards of total offense to UTEP's 70. The score was a more mod-

continued

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est 24-7, however, because the Miners' pass defense picked up three interceptions. Part of El Paso's paltry output was attributable to two ASU sophomore defensive ends—Bob Noble, who came in to replace injured starter Ah Yoo, and Larry Shorter. Noble recovered a fumble and intercepted a pass deep in UTEP territory.

Brigham Young had a rocky afternoon. Literally, New Mexico Quarterback Rocky Long completed nine of 12 passes for 115 yards and ran 11 times for 110 yards as the Lobos won 14-0. What graveled BYU particularly is that Rocky's father, Rod Long, was a onetime Cougar star. BYU was as cold as Provo, failing to score early with first and goal on the New Mexico three-yard line, and never containing UNM's defensive star, Linebacker Herm Fredenberg.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (4-0)
2. AUBURN (3-0)
3. GEORGIA (4-0)

Ralph Jordan said Auburn did not play with enthusiasm. Auburn Quarterback Pat Sullivan said he "paddled around all afternoon." Kentucky Coach John Ray said Auburn's defense was not nearly as strong as last year. The scoreboard said Auburn beat Kentucky 38-6. Sullivan hit 16 of 25 passes for 253 yards and two touchdowns and Terry Beasley caught nine for 194 yards. "I've seen Sullivan and Beasley better," Shug Jordan said. Auburn gained 304 yards in the air. "I hate to see us fall in the category of a passing team," Jordan remarked. Auburn held Kentucky to one touchdown and no placekicks. "Our defense buckles and bends, swings and sways," Jordan said. He did admit that "somehow it keeps people out of the end zone." So much for Auburn postmortems.

Tennessee drove 99½ yards for the third-quarter touchdown that beat Florida 20-13. It would have been only 99 yards, except that Volunteer Coach Bill Battle remembered a golden maxim that once fell from the lips of his old mentor, Bear Bryant. "The only time you can afford the luxury of going on the field to protest is when the ball is on your one-yard line. Then they can only penalize you half a yard," said Bryant. And here came the angry Battle, and the penalty, so replacement Quarterback Phil Pierce's leadership of Tennessee's march, culminating in a 20-yard TD pass, was 18 inches more glorious.

Georgia Tech Quarterback Eddie McAshan, the school's first black football player,

fanned the fire under Coach Bud Carson by allegedly telling the newspapers, "We didn't come out attacking" after the upset by Army the week before. For the implication, the coaches asked McAshan to stay away from Tuesday's practice session until the entire situation had been checked. Convinced McAshan's statements had been misrepresented, Carson gave his quarterback another chance. McAshan reacted by completing 14 of 24 for 102 yards and running for two touchdowns in a 24-14 victory over Clemson.

Georgia flooded out Mississippi State 35-7 as sophomore Quarterback Andy Johnson ran 132 yards in 16 carries. Oregon State, Tulane and Clemson had also fallen to the Athens bunch, but people still raised questions about Georgia's muscle. State Quarterback Hal Chealander had no questions. "The bruises on my body say they aren't weak," he observed.

LSU's Tigers swallowed Rice 38-3 and North Carolina ripped North Carolina State 27-7. Florida State Quarterback Gary Huff completed 21 of 25 passes good for 374 yards and both touchdowns as the Seminoles won their fourth straight, 17-3 over VPI.

Maryland dominated Wake Forest for the first half. Then the Demon Deacons mended their ways, intercepted four Al Neville passes—two inside the 10-yard line—and converted the game into a visitors' camp meeting, with the running of Gary Johnson and Larry Hopkins doing the heavy persuading in an 18-14 win.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (3-0)
2. ARKANSAS (3-1)
3. HOUSTON (3-1)

These are the *real* Arkansas Razorbacks, fans. Notice the bony hard backs, the stubbly chin whiskers, the mean look around the mouth. Accept no substitutes. No goats, for instance. Those were goats that lost to Tulsa last week. These are definitely Hogs. Only Hogs would swallow Horned Frogs whole, as Arkansas did in mauling TCU 49-15. Only Hogs would monopolize every department first downs, rushing yardage, passing yardage, interceptions, even yards penalized (119-0). Hogs alone would throw an 83-yard kickoff return, a 61-yard scoring interception of a pass, a record-equaling number of points in a league game.

With hamstringing first-stringer Eddie Phillips on the bench in street clothes for the second half, substitute Texas Quarterback Donnie Wigginton led the Horns to a 35-7 rout of Oregon. Wigginton became the

game's leading gainer with 116 yards on 13 carries in only three quarters. The 5' 8" sub also scored two touchdowns. But Tennesseans did not rejoice. Phillips came away limping worse, End Jim Moore suffered a severe knee sprain, Fullback Bobby Callison got a shoulder bruise and star Jim Bertelsen required his already-ailing shoulder.

Though soph field leader Joe Pasarik broke NMSU's school record for pass completions with 22, the SMU Mustangs edged New Mexico State 28-25 for their first win. Gary Hammond scored the winning touchdown late in the game on a 15-yard keep.

While considerably winded after blowing down mighty Arkansas last week, Tulsa's Golden Hurricane had enough left to beat West Texas. The Tulsans did not exactly breeze, though. They had 94- and four-yard touchdowns called back and stopped West Texas by inches on their own 38 before winning 17-13.

MIDWEST

1. NOTRE DAME (3-0)
2. NEBRASKA (4-0)
3. MICHIGAN (3-0)

A year ago, after spectacularly ending Penn State's record of 31 games without a loss with a 41-13 upset, Colorado's Buffaloes were exterminated by unimpressive Kansas State as Lynn Dickey had a possible day. This year it was happening again. After soaring to sixth in the national rankings by upsetting Ohio State at Columbus, the Buffs were losing to Kansas State 21-17 midway in the third quarter. Unstoppable sophomore Tailback Charlie Davis, who had rushed 418 yards in Colorado's previous victories over LSU, Wyoming and Ohio State, managed only 16 yards in 14 carries. The whole CU offense had 97 yards, with a big minus-seven rushing in the first half. State must have begun to think Colorado's *man* claim to fame was the fact that its mascot was a pregnant buffalo named *Ralphie*. But then Colorado pulled a surprise. Going to the air, Quarterback Ken Johnson set a CU passing record with 276 yards and the Buffs won 31-21.

Oklahoma offensive Coach Barry Switzer said all week he was going to give Halfbacks Greg Pruitt and Joe Wylie new jerseys with no number or name. All they would have on them was "Hello" on the front and "Goodbye" on the back. Switzer didn't deliver, but Pruitt and Wylie did against USC. Oklahoma's 33-20 runaway was led by Pruitt's 205 yards on only 16 tries, including touchdown jumps of 75, 42 and seven yards, as Wylie turned into a beautiful blocker. The Sooners had a total of over 500

continued

yards rushing. They threw just one pass. "Why should we throw?" Quarterback Jack Milden asked. "If Switzer ever sends down word to pass, I ain't gonna call it." Head Coach Chuck Fairbanks said tongue-in-cheekily, "We threw that pass to keep them loose."

Duffy Daugherty felt the officials were picking on him. The officials, however, claimed Michigan State was picking on Notre Dame—that is, the secondary receivers were blocking for the intended receiver before he even caught the ball, football's equivalent of the "moving pick" in basketball. "I've seen it called once every 10 years," fumed Daugherty after the Spartans lost 14-2. He didn't see roughing the kicker called often enough to suit him, though. Daugherty called this omission to the officials' attention twice, both times from a few yards onto the playing field.

Illinois has scored at last for new Coach Bob Blackman. Scored, that is, not won. Indeed, the underdog Illini twice seemed to have a lead against Washington and Sonny Siskiller. They scored the first time they had the ball, but the touchdown was called back. Then, trailing only 17-14 in the third period, Illinois recovered a punt in the

Washington end zone for a 20-17 lead—or so the official nearest the ball said. But he was overruled and Siskiller proceeded to set matters straight 52-14. He passed for 180 yards as Washington scored five touchdowns in 22 minutes. Ball-controlling Northwestern allowed Wisconsin only three points in the first 60 minutes of a 24-11 victory. The other eight came after the game.

Syracuse, which had big preseason plans to beat three Big Ten teams, finally salvaged one win by handing Indiana's hapless Hoosiers their third shutout in four games, 7-0. Marty (Jan the Man) Januszkoewicz, who had gained 769 yards last season, gained only 30 to bring his season total to 104. "Maybe we ought to just call him Jan," a Syracuse spokesman said. But Januszkoewicz did score the game's only TD on a one-yard drive after Tommy Myres' 58-yard punt return.

Poor Utah State got its 3-0 record into trouble by taking on Nebraska. To the intense approval of 67,421 fans in Lincoln, the Cornhuskers varied their boring pattern of defeating their three previous opponents five touchdowns to one. The Huskers beat the Aggies six touchdowns to one, 42-6. Quarterback Jerry Tagge was respon-

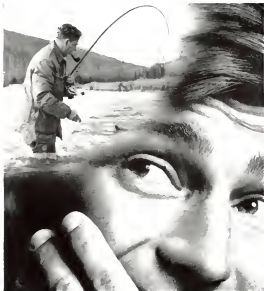
sible for four of them. He sneaked across end zone and threw three TD passes to Fullback Bill Olds and Slotback Johnny Rodgers.

Ohio State has Woody Hayes glowing again, as his sophomores whipped California 35-3. The latest OSU youngster to come of age is Quarterback Greg Hare, who took over for injured Don Lankia. On one drive Hare pitched 24 yards to sophomore Tight End Rick Middleton, handed off for three smashes by sophomore Fullback Randy Keith, then picked up the remaining 40 yards on a keeper after a good block by Keith.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE LINEMAN: New Mexico Linebacker Herm Prodenberg, a 217-pound senior from Window Rock, Ariz. who, in addition to 16 tackles, contributed two big interceptions and kept a post-line stand in his team's 14-0 victory of BYU.

THE BACK: Halfback Greg Pruitt of Oklahoma who gained 205 yards for an average of 13.4 yards, passing 75, 42 and seven for touchdowns to provide more than the margin of victory as the Sooners beat Southern Cal 21-20.



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FTC Report
Nov. 70.

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Grand Prix racing produces many things: excitement, crowds, money, traffic jams, hard-won victories and the odd bloody knuckle. Thus it is no wonder that the sport also produces poetry. Road-racing fans, being the most literate of the car crowd, are the bards of the sport, and the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen last week generated a couple of memorable efforts. As usual, the speed freaks chose to inscribe their verses on the walls of pit row or, failing that, those of the nearest Port-A-John. Two of the poems took the moon as a metaphor. The first could be titled:

THE GHOSTS OF FITZPATRICK'S PAST

The moon, a gibbous goblet
In the praise-monger's phrase,
Deviated its leaden rays
On the foregathered faithful.
Huddled in trees and stoned on
apple wine,
Beneath the grass fires and the
burning Johns,
They studied on the sky: the clouds
Turned on the crowds, and the crowds
Turned on the moon. . . .
Down the night, furious as usual,
Out of control in his controlling
way,
Rode Rindt, too late for Sunday's
grandeur,
Early to his inevitable grave, and
grave
In death as he was in victory here
In the moon of '69.
Then Courage, shards of courage,
Spit sand from his scorched mouth,
Dead among the Dutch. . . .
But Emerson, alive, too quick through
the Esses
To be stopped . . . yestermoon's
winner. . . .
Fitzpatrick sat in the first row, next
to Holme
Humming nicely now,
And Stewart, alert, the clothing
designer,
Hizute champ, high-pitched pal and
self-promoter,
Canny co-owner of the whole wide
world,
If not the Glen,
Now as then sat on the pole.
But only the moon could say
If Mark or Mario
Would drive today. . . .

Swift happening at the Glen

At trackside the U.S. Grand Prix resembled Woodstock; on the pavement it was a spectacular first victory for a young Frenchman



WINNER GEVERT ZIPS HIS TYRRELL-FORD RACER ALONG REVAMPED GLEN COURSE

The second verse, briefer and therefore more memorable, was derived from an old hippie metaphor: "There are nights when the wolves are silent and the moon howls."

Ah, ah, the moon. Everyone at the Glen last week was watching the moon for a weather report. You could not get it from the local newspapers, or from the local TV. If it had a ring around it on Saturday night, the moon could predict whether Hurricane Ginger would disrupt the racing activities along the East Coast and thus profoundly affect events at Watkins Glen.

The two best road racers in America, Mark Donohue and Mario Andretti, were committed to running in a 300-mile Indianapolis-style race at Trenton, N.J., one which had been rained out the week previous and rescheduled on the date of the Grand Prix, where both were also entered. Without Donohue and Andretti, Watkins Glen would lose a grand come-on: Would an American at last win the American Grand Prix? Scotland's Jackie Stewart had already

wrapped up the world championship, and second place in the point standings had been clinched by Ronnie Peterson. Names like Peterson, Jo Siffert and Jacky Ickx are not quite household words among speed followers. O.K., so Peter Revson was there, driving a Tyrrell-Ford just like Stewart's, but Revvie—who could very well become the first North American ever to capture the Can-Am Championship later this fall—was a long shot. And Sam Posey, the stereotypical star of many a minor-league race, was also on hand, winning, finally, the 18th place on the starting grid of 29 cars in a fragile Surtees-Ford. "You just gotta wait and keep trying," allowed Sam. "You gotta let it happen."

In a way, the Glen this year was a happening—a Woodstock-on-wheels. As Stewart turned his faultless laps on Saturday in pursuit of the pole and its concomitant \$2,000, shirtless longhairs—male and female—hunkered on platforms in the tree-tops across from the start-finish line, smoking him on. Up the road aprice, peasant-blousy hippies

continued

AMERICAN MOTORS BUYER PROTECTION PLAN.

It makes a big difference in what
happens after you buy a car.

WE KNOW WHAT'S BEEN BUGGING YOU.

For more than a year now, we've been talking to car owners all over the country.

From all that we've heard, what bothers them most is the frustration of getting a car that isn't right in the

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This year, American Motors and its dealers are backing their '72's with a strong guarantee in plain English.

It covers the cost of parts and labor for 12 months or 12,000 miles.

Except for tires, it's good for everything we put on the car.

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And if something we did goes wrong, we promise there'll be no hassling and quibbling about getting it fixed.

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WE'VE PAID TO HAVE YOUR '72 CHECKED AND DOUBLE-CHECKED.

This year, we've spent a lot of time and money making sure our '72's are as perfect as man and machine can make them before they leave the factory.

But that's not all.

At the dealers, every single car

(not just one of 50, one of 5, every one) is checked, double-checked and road-tested before it's delivered.

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We're paying the dealer for his time and labor, so we know this job is being done, and done right.



A LOANER CAR WHEN YOU NEED IT. FREE.

Along with our dealers, we've set up a system to back up our guarantee without inconveniencing you.

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At no cost to you.

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If you call, we promise you you'll get results. And fast.

We've got too much at stake to let it happen any other way.

DOES ALL THIS MAKE OUR CARS COST MORE?

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But the way we figure it, since nobody in the business does all this for you after you buy a car, you have a better reason to buy from us than

you ever had before.

So we should sell more cars than we've ever sold before.

American Motors

were dealing "organic apple cider" and angelic smiles to any who would stop at two bits per shot. Others had organized an ox roast—how medieval can you get? Nailing down the primal nature of the event was prize money totaling \$260,000 and the reck of manure that emanated from the freshly bulldozed earth behind the unfinished pit area.

The wizards of Watkins, in a much-needed renovation program, had widened their ancient roadway for safety's sake and lengthened the course from 2.3 miles to 3.377—adding a tricky, four-cornered loop at the southwest end. New surfacing and higher steel barriers finally had made the rickety course modern—and acceptable to men like Jackie Stewart, who insist on safety along with their prize money. Indeed, during a pre-race ceremony sauced with champagne and hors d'oeuvres, veteran driver Jo Bonnier of Sweden/Switzerland presented the track's race director, Malcolm Currie, with a trophy from the Grand Prix Drivers' Association for having organized the smoothest race on the circuit—along with the German Grand Prix, which shared the honor for the season past. "I want to thank the thousands who have made this possible," said

Mal, slack-jawed with fatigue. "Can't think of all their names just now."

It had been a \$2.6 million effort, and though the new track extension and pit facilities were not quite completed at race time—hammers still hammered busily along pit row—nobody could really complain.

Came Saturday night and the moon had no golden ring—indeed it vanished in a thick ground fog. So sure enough there was no hurricane and the Trenton race ran as rescheduled. (Andretti was second, Donohue sixth as Joe Leonard clinched the domestic driving championship.) But the record crowd of more than 100,000 at the Glen hardly missed Mark and Mario, so tight and quirky was their own action.

The fog burned off as race time approached, and at the drop of the green flag Hulme outragged pole sitter Stewart into the first 90-degree right-hand corner, named after Jim Clark by the announcer, then outsped the field up into the wider, quicker Esses. It looked for a time as if Hulme's comeback from the slows that had beset him since he was burned at Indy last year was materializing, but Stewart soon established his authority on the back stretches and took a lead of five seconds after a dozen of the race's 39 laps. Then something went mildly squirrely with Stewart's suspension. On lap 14 his young teammate, François Cevert, pushed his own Tyrrell-Ford up to Stewart's tail pipes and Jackie waved him past. "Jackie is a very good man, a sensible man," said Cevert later amid geyers of celebratory champagne. "He has taught me a lot."

For a while, though, it seemed that perhaps Stewart had not taught him enough. With the two Tyrrell-Fords running first and second, up loomed Jackie Ickx in a hungry Ferrari. On the 15th lap Ickx slipped past Hulme into third place, almost clipping the right-hand barrier at the top of the Esses and saving himself only by a lightning tap of the brakes, followed by an instinctive twitch of the steering wheel. Then he gobbled up the world champion and set his gaze on the flying Tyrrell of Cevert.

By this time mechanical breakdowns had begun to drag down some good men. Revson dropped out on the second lap with a blown clutch on his Tyrrell-Ford—normally Stewart's training car. A burned valve put Posey's Surtees-Ford out. Hulme pitted for fresh rub-

ber at midrace, and you don't pit in Grand Prix events nowadays and expect to win. Emerson Fittipaldi, last year's surprise winner, had three surprises awaiting him on Sunday. The first was a stuck throttle that required costly pit work. Then a shredding left rear tire. Then a broken wishbone resulting from the tire problem. Clay Regazzoni, the able teammate of Ickx, moved ahead of Stewart into fourth place only to spin a full 360 degrees in one of the new corners in that southwest sector and ultimately finish sixth.

With the pack spread out into pairs, trips and fours of a kind, the traffic pattern was getting sticky, precisely the situation that suits Ickx. A damage—some might say too damage—driver, he nipped his way through traffic, nearly kissing the barriers inside and outside the slick ribbon of asphalt and eroding Cevert's lead from a healthy six seconds to a nervous three. And then slicing it to a threadbare two.

But 16 laps from the end Ickx blew past the pits with a bit of coiled wire trailing beneath his tail pipe. Usually, it tore the clean lines of the Ferrari like a run in a well-filled stocking. It was the magneto. Four laps later Ickx coasted into the pits, leaving the honors—and the \$50,000 in first-prize money—to Cevert. The young Frenchman was followed by Switzerland's Seppi Siffert (\$20,000), Sweden's Ronnie Peterson (\$12,000), New Zealand's Howden Ganley (\$10,000) and a persevering Stewart (\$9,300), who had grappled with his balky Tyrrell all afternoon.

Ickx at least had the consolation of winning \$5,000 from Ballantine beer for the fastest lap of the race (117.495 mph) just before his magneto began to part company with the car, though some of that joy might have dissipated during Mel Allen's long-winded presentation of the award.

It was the third year in a row in which the Glen had provided the first Grand Prix win for an up-and-coming young driver. Rindt won his first Formula 1 race there in 1969, and Fittipaldi did the same last year. Cevert, 27, the son of a Parisian jeweler and brother-in-law of hard-boiled veteran Jean-Pierre Beltoise, took the prize with grand aplomb. "Fifty thousand dollars, that is about 28 million old francs," he said, his big eyes blue as ice. And then it was his turn to howl.

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There are other cars that combine features of sporty cars and luxury cars. But Monte Carlo is different.

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way to see the U.S.A.

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They say there are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." Dewar's has only the finest of whiskies from the Highlands, from the Lowlands, from the Hebrides. Each one is chosen for its own special purpose, and is then rested in its own snug vat. Finally, one by one, they're brought together by the hand of the master blender of Perth. His skill makes sure that Dewar's never varies.



Dewar's never varies.

Showing them a thing or two

American-bred horses romped home first and second in France's celebrated Arc de Triomphe, proving this year, at least, the U.S. is tops

At a posh black-tie dinner in Maxim's on the eve of last week's 50th running of the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp, the Virginia sportsman and art collector, Paul Mellon, spoke graciously of the upcoming event. He pleased his audience no end by calling the Arc the turf's greatest race, and then drew further smiles by adding, "I only hope my horse has been eating food as tasty and nourishing as this."

Mellon's Epsom Derby winner, Mill Reef, was the race favorite, and the colt, like his owner, was apparently in fine form; the following afternoon before a crowd estimated at 75,000 he sped to a three-length victory in record time. Second place in the big race went to Pennsylvania-foaled, but French-owned, Pistol Packer, making it a bang-up occasion for Americans.

Mill Reef, a shifty bay son of Never Bend and the Princequillo mare Milan Mill, will now go into the record book as the first horse bred in this country to score in the Arc. His victory, at 3-to-5 odds, was engineered by 32-year-old Trainer Ian Balding, son of the late British polo player Gerald Balding (and a nephew, incidentally, of U.S. Trainer Ivor Balding).

While Mill Reef is a product of Mellon's Virginia stud, Pistol Packer—who has now established herself as France's champion filly—was bred by Mrs. John Thouron in the rolling fox-hunting country outside of Philadelphia. The filly brought \$15,000 at the Saratoga Sales and was shipped to France, where she races in the colors of Mme. Alec Head and is trained by her husband.

Each year, it seems, the Arc generates increasing interest. As more foreign horses have come to challenge the French at their own game on one of the world's most testing courses, so too have come their followers—from England, Ireland, Italy, Germany, Russia, Canada and, naturally, the U.S. Last Sunday even French President Georges Pompidou turned up for his first day of racing as Chief of State. A harnad track official declared, "The only person in Paris who hasn't asked for a seat is Emperor

Hirohito"—and he might have, had he and his entourage been fully settled into the Hotel Crillon.

The Arc, run over Longchamp's outside course with its long ball immediately after the start, a sweeping, steep downhill turn to the right and then a straight run home of three-eighths of a mile, has been won—and lost—by varying tactics. The best way to finish first is to stay close to the leaders and save ground on the rails. And that is what British Jockey Geoff Lewis and Mill Reef did. The best way to lose the race is to, as the French put it, *faire le grand boulevard*. In other words, take the come-from-behind, outside route, which is the next thing to being off the course and mixing it up with the Sunday drivers in the Bois de Boulogne. This is what Jockey Freddy Head and Pistol Packer tried to do.

But tactics are not everything. A horse must, as one official noted, "be at his

rock solid



THE HORSE OF THE WORLD RIGHT NOW IS VIRGINIA'S MILL REEF, WHO CRUISED IN AHEAD OF PENNSYLVANIA'S PISTOL PACKER

best on this occasion, perfectly fit. This isn't a contest of looks; there is something inside the animal that settles this race." There are reasons the Arc is so demanding. As one trainer explained, "It is the world's most difficult race, in part because of the course, but also because it brings together in the fall of the year runners who are fully mature. These are no longer inexperienced horses being tested for stamina as they are in midsummer. By Arc day they are proven stayers and already the winners of European classics."

The Mill Reef race plan was relatively simple: be among the leaders at all times, try to save ground where possible and move to the front only after turning into the homestretch. The firm going was believed to be to Mill Reef's advantage (although Ian Balding said he could handle any sort of surface). He had shipped over from England in good shape, his temperament was ideal and, despite not having started in 2½ months, those who had seen the colt during his summer victories in the Derby, the Eclipse and the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes were already declaring that he was a better colt than Nijinsky and, in fact, right up there with two-time Arc winner Ribot. "I would compare Mill Reef to Ribot more than to Nijinsky," said a veteran observer, even before last week's Arc. "It is not his record but the way he wins his races. He doesn't give you a great burst of speed. Instead he gives you a steady run that accelerates progressively, the sign of a true stayer."

The first horse to show from the gate in the Arc was John A. Bell's One for All, the third American-bred entry in the race. But Jockey Willie Carson quickly took him back, and with two furlongs gone in the mile-and-a-half race it was Ossian, a pacesetter for his stablemate Ramsin, who was in front by two lengths. In the pack closest to him were Sharapour, Ortis, Hallez, Ramsin and then Mill Reef, who at no time was worse than sixth. Pistol Packer, second choice along with Bourbon at 4 to 1, was back in 12th position as the field started up the hill, and Cabrizzia, who was to finish third, trailed. Positions varied little at the top of the hill except that now One for All had moved up to seventh. But not even the wizardry of Trainer Horatio Luro, who has saddled

two Kentucky Derby winners, could save the day for this son of Northern Dancer. Unaccustomed to running downhill and to his right, One for All faltered so badly that he was 16th at the bottom of the hill. He then pulled himself together to end up ninth, beaten a respectable seven lengths for all the money.

Straightening for home, Britain's champion Jockey Lester Piggott, who had gotten into so much trouble at this point a year ago on Nijinsky, had Hallez briefly in front. Outside of him was Miss Dan and to his right along the rails were Sharapour and Ortis. Behind, waiting patiently, was Mill Reef. Ramping up very fast on the outside was Pistol Packer. Jockey Lewis needed a break at this point or he might have had to swing wide and go around. Suddenly the opening came. The gap between Hallez and Sharapour widened, and Mill Reef shot through and headed toward the rail. Two furlongs from the wire he led by two lengths, and although Pistol Packer might have been a threat even then, Mellon's colt just kept grinding out the yardage. The issue was never really in doubt. Mill Reef was being pulled up as he crossed the finish line. His time was a record 2:28.3.

The early pace had been so telling that none of the leaders to the stretch except Hallez were in the first 10 at the finish. Ramsin, Ossian, Sharapour, Miss Dan and Ortis all faded and dropped back, while the positions behind the first three were taken by Caro, Hallez, Royalty, Bourbon, Arlequino, One for All and Irish Bull.

Mill Reef, now being acclaimed as the Horse of the World, returns to England to await a 4-year-old European campaign in which his toughest competitor may well be his conqueror last May in the 2,000 Guineas, Brigadier Gerard. This colt has won four straight races since but has not met as stiff competition as Mill Reef.

The victory by Mellon's horse rekindles the controversy over which nation is breeding the best horses these days. Why, for example, are U.S. sires who never won at a mile and a half (and some who never even won at a mile and a quarter) producing the winners of Europe's classic events? Northern Dancer, Never Bend, Gun Bow, Traffic, Bold Lad and Sir Gayford have sired champions in England, Ireland and

France in the last few years. "The reason that nonclassic horses in the U.S. can produce classic horses abroad is solely a matter of training," says one French horseman. "In the U.S. it seems to me you break down more than a quarter of your 2-year-olds before they turn 3, mostly from working them those fast four and five furlongs at 2, or just plain overracing them. Here we start a 2-year-old twice or three times at most, with no emphasis on speed. The result is that we have good 3-year-olds, and at 4 we still have some horses around who can stand up with clean legs."

International Owner Raymond Guest has another opinion, which he puts bluntly: "Why the American success? We've got the best horses now, and why shouldn't we have the best after buying—or stealing—the best European blood for the last 100 years."

"Any good mile-and-a-quarter horse in the States should be able to win at a mile and a half in Europe because he's not being asked for the kind of speed we demand of our horses. If this is true, and I personally believe it to be, then a good American mile-and-a-quarter horse should be expected to be just as good a sire of mile-and-a-half European horses as French- and English-bred classic winners."

What amazes Arc victor Paul Mellon about all this is that horsemen spend so much time emphasizing the role of the stallion. "In the first place," says Mellon, "how can we discuss mile-and-a-half races in the States when we have so few of them? Then I hear all this talk about Never Bend. They could just as well be talking about Mill Reef's maternal side with its Princequillo, Count Fleet and Hyperion blood. I have to think that the mare has something to do with it!"

And, as the bubbly was being poured liberally in Paris Sunday night, Mellon probably was recalling another remark he made just the evening before. "My idea of international racing," he told the group at Maxim's, tongue in cheek, "would be for President Pompidou to win the Kentucky Derby, President Nixon to win the Arc de Triomphe, Queen Elizabeth to win the Laurel International and Chairman Mao to win the Russian St. Leger."

It's 3 to 5 that Emperor Hirohito would ask for a seat to that one. **END**

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The Winner.

The smiling young man in the picture had been in the Penske Racing Garage since 8 a.m. . . . helping out. He had been sweeping the floors, helping take the engine out of the Trans-Am Javelin (in which he had just won a race) helping unload the Indianapolis Car (in which he had also just won a race) and helping put the transmission back on the Ferrari (which was being shipped off that evening to race

at Watkins Glen).

The Penske Racing Team has been so phenomenally successful in so many fields of racing, it's worthwhile repeating their formula for success: they have an exceptionally gifted crew of mechanics and designers; they work very hard; everybody helps everybody else; nothing is left to chance; they spend as much as necessary to buy the best; and the smiling, gifted young man, Mark

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It's hot-stove warmup time

Last weekend the second baseball season began. It is the one that is played in bars and hotel lobbies and all those secluded corners where baseball people gather during the long and sometimes rain-filled hours between playoff and World Series games. Wherever the show travels, there baseball's insiders are, starting rumors of grand trades that probably never will be made and examining the past year's performances in such detail that they seem at times to be exceeding even their own long-established tolerance for trivia.

Not that what they say is uninteresting. The current hot topic, for instance, is major league realignment, a subject of some substance. And high on the list of discussables are the Most Valuable Player awards, or, rather, who will get them. In the National League, should it be Henry Aaron or Willie Stargell or Joe Torre? The baseball writers will not release their choice—the official one—until mid November, but a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* poll of some of the men who played against the three suggests the race should not be close. Joe Torre impresses his fellow athletes the most (see box).

In the American League the players are as divided as the people who hire them and talk about them. The leaders, Vida Blue and Mickey Lolich, only revive the old argument of whether a pitcher should be the MVP, considering he can also win the Cy Young award.

The players' poll offers some interesting sidelights. Under the category of Most Disappointing Player in the American League, Alex Johnson and Tony Conigliaro, both of whom started the season for the California Angels and finished it for nobody, are tied for second at 19 votes, well behind Boston's Carl Yastrzemski. Among the Angels themselves, however, Johnson received only seven votes while Conigliaro got 17.

Until late in the season there were strong opinions all around about the Rookie of the Year. The early National League favorite was Chris Speier, San Francisco's shortstop. Next Willie Montanez of Philadelphia ran a string of good games together to force himself

into the picture. It is Earl Williams of Atlanta, though, who tops the ballot at season's end. He hit 33 homers while learning to catch for a team whose pitchers were not exactly polished.

The idea of another league realignment so soon after the one in 1969 is enough to send strong men to an early shower. Yet some baseball executives are advocating six four-team leagues. Instead of playing a full season for a half-pennant, as now, teams would be fighting for a third of a pennant. Another faction prefers three eight-team leagues. And there are many who believe it is time for interleague play to begin.

The recent shift of the Washington franchise to Dallas-Fort Worth would seem to suggest a realignment of the American League divisions almost au-

tomatically. Ewing Kauffman, the owner of the enterprising Kansas City Royals, feels that Dallas-Fort Worth should be put into the Western Division of the American League immediately and that either the Chicago White Sox or Milwaukee Brewers should swing over into the Eastern Division. "For one thing," says Kauffman, "that would help even up East-West attendance. I am firmly convinced that Dallas-Fort Worth will draw at least twice as many people as the Senators did in Washington. I am also convinced that when the Royals move into our new stadium next year we will become one of the biggest draws in the American League."

Dick Walsh, the beleaguered general manager of the California (some say Hell's) Angels, definitely favors realignment. He says: "I believe that if you have a realignment of four leagues of six clubs each, you will cut down your travel expenses and increase baseball interest because of close, natural rivalries."

Peter O'Malley, the young Dodger president, agrees, but he would resist un-

continued

THE PLAYERS RATE THEMSELVES

NATIONAL LEAGUE		AMERICAN LEAGUE	
MOST VALUABLE			
Joe Torre (<i>St.L.</i>)	130	Vida Blue (<i>Oak</i>)	31
Willie Stargell (<i>Pitt</i>)	50	Mickey Lolich (<i>Det</i>)	30
Henry Aaron (<i>Atl</i>)	18	F. Robinson (<i>Balt</i>)	25
Toughest Pitcher			
Tom Seaver (<i>NY</i>)	72	Mickey Lolich (<i>Det</i>)	70
Ferguson Jenkins (<i>Chi</i>)	47	Vida Blue (<i>Oak</i>)	33
Bob Gibson (<i>St.L.</i>)	46	Jim Palmer (<i>Balt</i>)	11
BEST RELIEF PITCHER			
Dave Giusti (<i>Pitt</i>)	54	Ken Sanders (<i>Mil</i>)	82
Tug McGraw (<i>NY</i>)	52	Fred Scherman (<i>Det</i>)	20
Jerry Johnson (<i>SF</i>)	40	Bart Johnson (<i>Chi</i>)	12
MOST DISAPPOINTING PLAYER			
John Bench (<i>Cinn</i>)	64	Carl Yastrzemski (<i>Bos</i>)	39
Jim Merritt (<i>Cinn</i>)	29	Alex Johnson (<i>Cal</i>)	19
Bill Singer (<i>LA</i>)	20	Tony Conigliaro (<i>Cal</i>)	19
MOST DISAPPOINTING TEAM			
Cincinnati Reds	78	Minnesota Twins	108
Chicago Cubs	18	California Angels	40
Houston Astros	12	Boston Red Sox	8
ROOKIE OF THE YEAR			
Earl Williams (<i>Ast</i>)	127	Chris Chambliss (<i>Clev</i>)	46
Willie Montanez (<i>Phi</i>)	59	Bill Parsons (<i>Mil</i>)	25
Chris Speier (<i>SF</i>)	7	Angel Mangual (<i>Oak</i>)	22



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BASEBALL *continued*

terleague play. "We're proud of our league, we're progressive and I'd like to see us remain our own entity," he says.

The Baltimore Orioles demur. "It's ludicrous," says Executive Vice-President Frank Cashen, "that people have been enjoying baseball in Baltimore for 18 years and never had a chance to see Willie Mays play center field or Hank Aaron hit a home run. Ridiculous."

What the argument boils down to is money. The American League drew five million fewer people last year than the National, and the National wants no part of something that would dilute its attendance. But the American League needs help.

Even with Blue pitching often, the American League could have used the players' MVP, Joe Torre, as a part of its action. Torre's season was splendid not just because he hit .363 and knocked in 137 runs. He produced 21 game-winning hits. When runners were in scoring position, he brought in more than half of them. He led St. Louis in triples, scored 97 times and collected 230 hits. Since 1937, only three National Leaguers have had as many hits—Matty Alou as a leadoff batter in 1969, Tommy Davis in 1962 and Stan Musial in 1948. No American League hitter has even approached 230 hits since 1936, when Earl Averil had 232.

"I feel the reason I had such a good year," Torre says, "was all-out concentration. This spring my brother [Frank Torre, who played with the Milwaukee Braves and the Phillies] was talking about hitting and he said, 'I've decided that maybe the best way to describe the concentration you have to have is to believe that you are locked in a room with the pitcher.'"

Torre, at bat, locked himself into a room with four blank walls. "I seemed to be able to block everything else out of my mind, the sound and movement around me, even the lights," he says.

Torre is locked in with the Cardinals, too. They are not about to trade him, no matter how many rumors will waft up with the thick cigar smoke from all those lobbies. Now, if you should mention Richie Allen, Rico Carty, Orlando Cepeda, Billy Conigliaro, Nate Colbert, Willie Horton, Frank Howard, Sam McDowell, Andy Messersmith, Joe Pepitone, Tony Perez, Ron Santo, George Scott or Jim Wynn, well, you might make a deal for. . .

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The Man



Who Was Cut Out for the Job

by Pat Jordan

Burlington, N.C. is a city of 40,000 set in the gentle hills and thick pines of the Piedmont, where the clay is the color of a Temple orange. There, a year ago, Cicero A. Frye, the white head football coach at Walter M. Williams High School, was forced out of his job, one he had held for 10 years, and replaced by a black man. Frye's teams had a state-wide reputation, quite a few of his players had gone on to Chap-

el Hill and Duke. His successor was Jerome Evans, the coach at Jordan Sellers, an all-black school across town that was being closed. Evans would be the first black head football coach at a major predominantly white high school in the South. The author has written a book entitled "Black Coach" (to be published next month by Dodd, Mead & Company) on Evans' first season. The following is an adaptation.

CONTINUED



The Man *continued*

Jerome Evans is 40, with skin the color of milk chocolate. His weight has not varied a pound in 20 years. His body is so lean and tight that his muscles, veins and bones are visible as distinct elements through the thin cloth of his skin. His body is so taut that it seems to have no potential to give but only to rip.

Evans is constantly aware of the condition of his body, his clothes, the way he walks, talks and eats, all his natural mannerisms because, as he says, "Everyone's looking at me." As a black man operating in a white world, Evans realizes eyes are turned on him, and so he has turned his own eyes inward to insure that nothing of Jerome Evans is visible to others that is not first visible to himself. To Evans the most reprehensible weakness would be for some trait or mannerism to slip out without his consent. Though he is constantly and consciously sifting possibilities and deciding what to reveal or conceal, Evans' selections are not based on any desire to deceive. Rather, he wants to create the self he thinks he should be. All his life he has been confronted by two cultures: black and white. And when they are in contradiction, he has not always been sure which to choose. If Evans were a romantic he would simply choose that which is most natural to him rather than that which is foreign. But what is natural and what is best in a given society are not necessarily the same. Because of his wish to pick and choose the best from each culture, Evans' life is a precarious balancing act. He never seems to relax. Every decision, no matter how insignificant, must be debated thoroughly before being acted upon. For instance, when a white football player on the Williams team scores a touchdown and Evans is about to congratulate the boy, one can almost hear the whurrings in the coach's mind. He raises his arm to put it on the boy's shoulder, the arm suspended in midair, and then lets it fall to his side as he rejects that possibility and instead shakes the player's hand.

"I've built up in my mind what a man should be," he says. "This ability not to let down in front of people, whether they're black or white, is part of it. Some things I may want to do, but I won't. If I get drunk once in a while, lots of blacks will take comfort from that because it will prove I'm no better

than them, and whites will take comfort too, because it'll prove I'm just 'like every other nigger.' But I won't be like any other nigger. I'm a man like anybody else."

If the black community in Burlington has any complaint about Evans, it is that he is too much his own man. He is too aloof and so, in a way, inaccessible to their pressures. He does not view problems externally. His solutions are arrived at in relation to himself, his wife and his two young children, and not in relation to "his people." He has said many times, "I don't trust leaders of 'people.' You have to beware of saints—they're dangerous. I want only to lead myself and my family."

Upon his graduation from North Carolina Central University in 1955 Evans decided to coach at primarily black schools throughout North Carolina. He had no desire to penetrate the white world. However, after moving from one black high school to another, year after year as the tide of integration rolled through the state, Evans began to see himself as a prehistoric mammal fleeing evolution and faced with extinction. Soon he would have to quit coaching, for there would be no black schools left to hire him. However, quite another choice—and a surprising one—presented itself in 1970 when he was asked to take the job at Williams High. He decided to accept the position and with it the pressures of integration.

Before the Burlington school board offered that position, however, it had had to oust C. A. Frye. A decade before, Frye's teams had been among the most powerful in North Carolina, but as other schools accepted integration, and with its large numbers of swift, elusive black football players, Williams remained a bastion of white supremacy. Its teams began to win less frequently, and the fortunes of their fiery coach declined accordingly. During these years Jerome Evans was molding well-disciplined black teams at Jordan Sellers that posted records such as 7-2 and 8-1, while Frye's players were struggling through seasons of 3-6-1 and 2-8.

Even so, Frye remained feared and respected as the Williams coach. His violent outbursts toward players were legendary among the townspeople, half of whom thought them a disgrace while the other half reveled in their ferocious-

ness. He was known to tear the shirts off the backs of players and swear with such vehemence that the school's cheerleaders would run for shelter.

"There were times, if I had a knife I would have killed Coach Frye," said Mike Pierce, a white player. "He had no patience with anyone. When I was on the junior varsity I could hear him yelling from the other field and I was scared at the thought of ever playing for such a man. But one day in school he called me Mike and said how the team would need me the following year, and after that I was crazy about him. He screamed and cursed all right, and when you stunk he made a little raspberry sound and did a war dance around you like you were burning at the stake. He made you want to quit football and just grow your hair. And a lot of boys did quit, but maybe Frye gave them an excuse to do what they wanted. He brought out a lot of things in you that you never knew existed—both the best and the worst." Frye might have retained his coaching job indefinitely had it not been for a number of incidents, a few of which he was involved in, but some of which he took no part in whatsoever. Like Jerome Evans, he too was a victim of the times.

One night as he was about to go to bed he heard a commotion on his front lawn. Since he lived in a section of Burlington that was being encroached upon by the Negro population, Frye immediately assumed it was a "nigger prowler." He grabbed his gun, flung open the door and fired at the first thing that moved. He discovered that he had "winged" a white boy who had come to the house to see his pretty daughter, Cathy. The incident did not sit well with members of the school board, who noted that he could have handled the situation in "a less volatile way." A short while later, Frye was taken to court by a youth who claimed the coach had punched him on discovering him in the school gym at an hour it was supposed to be closed. Frye was eventually exonerated, but a few months afterward he was rumored to have pushed another boy down a flight of stairs at Williams in a fit of anger. It was said that the boy was paralyzed for life and that the police were hunting Frye. The rumors were simply untrue, but it no longer really mattered. Many of the city's

residents felt they had had enough of C. A. Frye.

"The point was," said Craig White, a recent Williams graduate, that "everyone believed those rumors about Frye. That was the kind of man he was. There were vestiges of fanaticism about him. When he played basketball he took more pleasure in knocking you over than in going around you. But still, I was fascinated by him. You had to accept him for what he was because if you thought about it, that would ruin him for you."

Frye could not be removed without sufficient cause, but school officials found that. In the spring of 1969, black citizens in Burlington rioted and a good deal of their anger was over the fact that Williams High would not have a single black cheerleader during the following football season. Later that year a black citizens' committee demanded that upon the full integration of Williams, a black head coach should be appointed for one of the school's three major sports. The superintendent of schools, Dr. Frank Proffitt, saw in this demand an opportunity not only to satisfy the town's 8,000 blacks, but also the whites clamoring for Frye's dismissal. Early in 1970 Proffitt called Frye to his office and informed him that he was being elevated to the administrative position of athletic director of the Burlington senior high schools. Frye accepted Proffitt's offer, but privately he remained determined to fight what amounted to his dismissal as Williams' football coach.

The school superintendent was relieved. He felt the success or failure of the integration of the Williams team would directly affect the mood of the town. "And I decided we needed a black man as coach," said Dr. Proffitt. "One who was controlled and disciplined. Jerome Evans was constructive and not bitchin' about the past sins of whites. He had a sense of what the long haul was. Although Frye believed he was a just man, I knew justice wasn't only a matter of black and white. There was a lot of gray in it, and Frye never could see gray in any situation. He was too simplistic."

When news hit Burlington that Frye had been removed as coach, a number of his supporters threatened to call a town meeting to get him reinstated. Two hundred white students walked out of classes at Williams in support of Frye.

They were led by a number of football players. After several tense hours, during which the blacks threatened a counterdemonstration, the situation was resolved. Frye called off his supporters on being warned by Dr. Proffitt that if Burlington had another riot his credibility as a coach would be seriously jeopardized throughout the state.

The football players returned meekly to classes the following day and Frye dropped out of sight until midsummer, when it was announced he had accepted the post of football coach and athletic director at small Gibsonville High School, only 10 miles west of Burlington. "I wish he had gone to Florida as he threatened," said Dr. Proffitt, "rather than hanging like a shadow over the town and Jerome Evans."

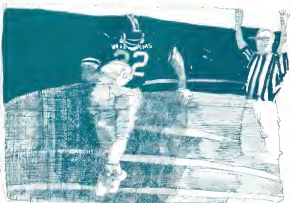
When Evans started football practice in late August he did not have to prove anything to the black players who had known him at Sellers and would now be playing for Williams. His challenge lay with the team's whites. "I worried about how I should treat those boys who had supported Frye," said Evans. "Then I decided to make believe nothing had happened and treat everyone fair. I wasn't very forceful at first because I didn't want to scare anyone off. The whites had to be shown that all the

things they'd been brought up to believe about blacks were false. And to build their confidence in me, and my own in myself, I had to show them a black coach could win games. The Williams 4-A conference was supposedly a lot tougher than the 3-A conference that Sellers had played in, but I found it wasn't. After we won a few games I could afford to get tougher with some of the white boys."

Evans' white players and white assistant coaches began accepting him, at least superficially. They did not see, however, that his fairness was tipped in their favor, since he showed more tolerance for the failures of white players than he did of the blacks, many of whom thought the coach was "a man possessed this year."

"When Evans first came to Williams," said Mike Pierce, "I thought he wouldn't even look at guys like me who had walked out in support of Frye. But the first time I met him he gave me a big smile and shook my hand and told me he was relying on me, and after that I knocked myself out liking him. All us whites did. But it wasn't real. We were always wondering when we'd get shafted for one of his blacks. Soon it occurred to us that maybe we wouldn't. If Evans had been an emotional type of guy, like Frye, we never would have re-

continued



The Man continued

laxed. Another problem was that it was always there in the back of our minds that maybe Evans wasn't as good a coach as Frye. We never admitted it, probably not even to ourselves, but maybe it was because he was a black man. After we won a few games we accepted him more. I guess it's a shame that before we did, he had to prove he could win in this conference. If he was white he would have been accepted first, but because he's black he's accepted only for what he does, not for what he is."

Pierce and other whites were surprised by the cool way Evans handled situations that would have had Frye's neck deep red. One day while Evans was giving orders to his offensive team a white player, William Whitley, was staring off into space.

"If Frye caught anyone daydreaming like that," said Pierce, "the guy would still be picking Frye's cleats out of his mouth. But Evans just gave Whitley that pained smile of his and said, 'William Whitley, whatever am I gonna do with you, boy?' I guess Whitley wouldn't even be on the team if Frye was coaching. Frye had no patience for dreamers, quitters or anyone, really. If Frye doesn't like someone they don't exist anymore so far as he's concerned, Evans is the opposite. He's very decent to people he doesn't like, maybe even more decent than to people he does like."

But Evans was less than successful with two players. One was a black halfback from Jordan Sellers, Larry Matkins; the other was the team's white quarterback, Fred Long, who had been one of Frye's stars. There is a picture of Larry Matkins in the 1969 Jordan Sellers yearbook. It shows a lean, intense black youth with a completely shaven head sweeping by the outstretched arms of a would-be tackler. As a 5' 10", 175-pound sophomore, Matkins was considered one of the best prospects in the South. It was reported that the University of Alabama was interested in him. He was 15 years old. In 1970 he was elected a Williams co-captain, along with a white player, David Coleman, and he was expected to carry the team. But Matkins was to have a mediocre year. He was Evans' biggest disappointment. The coach said of him, "I see so much of myself in that boy and I want him to excel so bad it hurts." To bring out the best in Matkins, Evans was unmerciful with

him in practice. If Matkins gained 20 yards on a run, Evans berated him for not gaining 30. Many whites felt Evans was expecting too much of the boy, who was now competing against more efficient defenses than he had at Sellers. Evans could not see this. He said: "Matkins' difficulty, among other things, is that girl of his."

The girl was a pretty, black cheerleader who had been going steady with Matkins since he had arrived at Williams from Sellers. Evans' complaint was that the girl had been trying "to act white, and she's trying to get Matkins to do the same thing." One day Evans caught the pair caddled in each other's arms (a popular stance among white Williams couples) in the hallway at a time when Matkins was supposed to be at practice. When Evans told the halfback to go to his office, the girl said, "He's with me now." Evans was furious. "Well, he may be with you permanent," he declared, and left. Matkins' other difficulty was that he had always looked up to Evans in a fatherly way, and at Williams the coach was not able to devote as much attention to his star player. He was often aloof with the boy, which confused him. "I couldn't spend as much time with him as I did at Sellers," said Evans, "because the whites would think I was playing favorites. But I don't know whether Larry understood this or not."

The problem with Freddy Long was more touchy. Long was a stocky youngster with a perpetually dazed, open-mouthed expression. Thanks to Frye's constant badgering, Long had produced startling offensive performances during the previous year. But he did this by calling hardly a play at the line of scrimmage himself; he was simply acting as his coach's alter ego. During the 1970 season Jerome Evans failed to get the same performances from Freddy Long. In fact, without Frye's hassling, Long seemed unable to function in the most elementary manner. When Evans gave him the freedom to call most of the plays, Long became confused. He would drop back for a pass, see a man clear and then hesitate for fear his pass might be intercepted. Then, with opposing linemen bearing down on him, he would begin scrambling in all directions before finally being tackled for a huge loss. When he got up from the tackle, he always with an agonizing slowness, he

would glance over at Evans, as if awaiting instruction. Evans did not want to have to call plays. He wanted his quarterbacks to be independent. But only when he began to call the team's plays did Long's performance improve.

Evans could not bench the quarterback, since Long retained a reputation as a star from the previous year. The alternative was to have a serious talk with the boy. Evans shunned this course of action for a number of games. He did not want to impose himself on the boy, for one thing, and for another, he did not particularly like Freddy Long. After one game in which Long had kicked three field goals, the boy had shaken hands with each assistant coach until he reached Evans' outstretched hand, which he avoided. Evans said nothing. Nor did Evans complain that although most quarterbacks stand beside their coach on the sidelines, it was Long's habit to sit as far away from Evans as possible. If Evans wanted him he would have to call for him two or three times before Long would move toward him.

Evans finally decided on a confrontation. He exhorted the quarterback to take more charge of the situation on the field. Long nodded. Evans suggested he speak up in the pregame pep talks and team meetings. Long nodded again. Evans said a few more things and then allowed him to leave. The coach felt relieved to be rid of the boy but dissatisfied. It was partly his own fault, Evans thought. But he wondered just how he was supposed to deal with people he felt truly hated him.

By his very nature, Evans muted antagonisms and muffled anxieties, so that the team as a whole had no complaints against him. And because both blacks and whites accepted their coach, they learned to accept one another. But this acceptance, although amicable, was precarious at best. It boiled down to a grudging realization by both blacks and whites that if they wanted the team to be successful they had to accommodate themselves to one another's individuality. This was nothing new for blacks, who long before had learned to accommodate themselves to the white world. But it was a new and startling realization for whites. For the first time, they had to acknowledge the existence of blacks, with that existence being as equal and as deserved as their own. Whites called no

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The Man continued

one "boy" and made blacks the butt of few jokes. They made a point of avoiding criticism; when a black player dropped an easy pass nothing would be said.

This stiff sense of acceptance was mirrored in the relationships of the team's integrated cheerleading squad. (By now there were nine whites and five blacks on the squad.) The cheerleaders took their cue from the football players, many of whom were boyfriends. The girls formed friendly if not affectionate relationships in a way only girls can—smiling, breathless, squealing, polite—with members of their own sex they do not particularly like or trust.

Any difficulties the two races encountered seemed more rooted in life-styles than in race. The black girls seemed bewildered by the importance the whites attached to cheerleading. For the blacks, cheerleading was a small part of their lives, an end in itself, something to be enjoyed for the moment because it would lead to nothing else. They did not see the social relations of things, one to another, because for so long blacks had been denied the results of their acts or abilities. For example, being an intelligent black in Burlington in no way guaranteed a man a job commensurate with his abilities, as it did a white. So, for the same reason, the black cheerleaders viewed cheerleading solely as a casual endeavor, not a step forward—or upward.

The whites, on the other hand, were extremely conscious of the ties between things. Cheerleading, just like athletic talent, beauty and intelligence, could be extremely valuable to them in later years. It might lead to a successful marriage, a career and so on. For this reason the whites treated cheerleading with a reverence that seemed disproportionate to the blacks. The whites had thought the 1969 riot had been started because of the blacks' desire to become cheerleaders. If so, why were the black girls now cutting practice and not fulfilling their squad responsibilities? The answer lay not in the blacks' desire to be cheerleaders, but in their wish to have a part of anything they felt whites attached importance to, as if that thing had some mysterious and hidden value that would be revealed to them once they possessed it. They accepted its importance completely on the testimony of whites. But

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The Man continued

once they possessed it, the black girls began to wonder what was so special about this thing they now had?

The superficial acceptance black and white football players, coaches and cheerleaders shared for one another also affected the relationships of the Williams students, teachers and parents and citizens of Burlington. They accepted one another because they all accepted Jerome Evans, who had consciously presented a low profile that had made him palatable to the most hardened segregationists. Whatever else even the hardcore segregationists felt toward him, they were forced to admit he was, to use their toughest phrase, "a decent nigger." Evans achieved this by refusing to force himself on anyone. He avoided trouble. If he saw parents or teachers who wanted nothing to do with him, he did not burden them with unnecessary smiles or pleasantries. But neither was he critical of them.

The impression Jerome Evans leaves in his wake is narcotic, tranquilizing but temporary. It has no substance. Once its effect wears off, people discover they are left with nothing tangible of Jerome Evans to add to their knowledge or experience, no word or deed or thought they can grasp and make their own, and thus allow themselves to transfer to Evans their allegiance. Evans' personality is devoted not to allegiances but to safety. In the back of his mind he deals always with the thought of potential enemies, never with the thought of potential friends. His policy is defensive, to leave people with nothing they can use against him.

Henry Crawford, the president of the Williams Booster Club and a man who had a prominent role in the effort to reinstate Frye just months before, declared in midseason he had no complaints against Evans. "I got along very well with Frye," said Crawford, a gray-haired businessman. "He had a clique of rooters, and I guess I was one of them. Jerome, he doesn't have any clique. He's more aloof with everyone. A lot of people like him for this, and I personally can't complain. So far he's handled himself wonderfully. The parents like him."

Not all the Boosters were as effusive in their praise. Lou Jones had been a friend of Frye's since 1956. For 19 years he carried the sideline chains at all home games. In 1970 he relinquished that duty to a Williams student.

"I guess Evans was the best-qualified one of the bunch if you want to look at it that way," said Jones. "Some don't like it any, but they ain't saying nothing. One father told me, 'My boys'll never play for no nigger, Lou.' Then one day in the paper Evans was quoted as saying the man's two sons would be real helpful to the club this year. Both sons are playing for Evans. When I asked the man why, he looked sheepish and said, 'Hell, Lou, that nigger's got a lot on the ball, you know.'"

"Things ain't the same this year. Last season at the weekly Booster Club meetings Frye would introduce the Bulldog Player of the Week and then send the boy home and we'd all loosen up with a few jokes. Evans lets the boys hang around all night, and it makes us uncomfortable. And it seems Evans can't wait to get out of the meetings himself. If Marilyn Monroe was stripping naked on television you couldn't get Frye out of Booster Club meetings. But even when Evans is there he doesn't ever seem to loosen up. I'd like him a lot better if he did."

By late October the Williams team was assured of a winning record. The Bulldogs were 6-2 with two games left, and about the only question remaining was would they win their conference title and then go on to the state tournament? Although most white players acted as if a conference title and a state championship were their sole reasons for being, much of their enthusiasm seemed an effort. As one player put it then, "I'm tired of football. If Dudley wins the title, I'll cry like everybody else just to put on a good show, but I'll be glad as hell. The only reason I played this year was because Evans didn't make us cut our hair as Frye would have. Right now, I'm sick of football."

Although most white players would not express themselves this candidly, they seemed to share the view. They were tired of living each day consciously, with no recourse to instinct and habit that had marked their days before Evans' arrival. They were tired of being aware of their every word and act, tired of liking blacks, of liking their coach, tired in fact of all the pressures that had been theirs since the year's first practice session. They seemed anxious to simplify what had been a complex year in their lives, to plant their feet once again on solid ground with horizons that were fa-

miliar and obstacles that were cleanly defined.

That was why, after their seventh victory of the season and only a week before the final game, a number of white players got together one night and drank Ripple wine and vodka into the following morning. By noon they were drunk. Someone suggested they drive to Gibsonville to see Frye. When they arrived, according to some of the boys who talked about the visit later, they waited nervously in his tiny office, not sure just how Frye would take their call. He appeared, smiling. There were handshakes and backslapping, and it was obvious he was glad to see his former players. He was pleased they still thought enough of him to make the trip to Gibsonville and to know he still had a firm bond with these boys, one which Evans had not broken.

A player complained offhandedly about something Evans had done in practice. Frye called him "a dumb nigger" and added that the Bulldogs should never have lost to all-black Dudley High, which they had done three Fridays before. The players agreed. There was a momentary silence in which each boy seemed to be wrestling with something that made him feel uneasy about what was happening. One of them said Frye was right, Evans was a dumb nigger. Someone else asked, "What could you expect from them? They are inferior." Other players chimed in, and there was an almost audible sigh of relief around the room as the boys relaxed and began to talk easily with their former coach. A player told Frye that the previous day there nearly had been a riot at Williams.

"What the hell you boys doing here, then?" said Frye. "I expect my boys to be in the thick of any trouble."

The players assured him they would be in the thick of such a fight. And when Frye asked if any of those niggers had made a move toward his daughter (a Williams senior) they told him that he didn't have to worry about that. They would make sure she was safe. Frye smiled and nodded.

"You know, we probably would have gone on to the state championship if you were still our coach," said one boy.

"We would not have lost a game," maintained a second.

Shortly before one p.m. the players said they had to leave. They were no long-

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The Man continued

er drunk and were beginning to feel the unpleasant effects of a hangover.

"Ya all come back," said Frye as they piled into their cars. They said they would. "And watch out for my Cathy," Frye added, cementing the bond. "I need you guys."

"Don't you worry, coach," said a player, and they drove off. They felt satisfied at first and then less so, and by the time they reached Burlington they had begun to feel guilty, as if they had been a party to some unmanly act, had perpetrated some deceit, not only against Jerome Evans, whom they had befriended during the year, but also against C. A. Frye, in whom they had helped sustain an illusion of something that no longer existed. They were bewildered. Their visit to Frye had not simplified things after all. Far from it. They had returned to familiar ground only to find that ground no longer familiar, and now they were not sure where to turn.

The next Friday Williams won its final game, ending its season with an 8-2 record—the school's best performance in 10 years. Shortly after that last game Mike Pierce talked about Coach Evans: "You don't have much to say to him outside of football. I feel sorry for his side now that the season is over. Who'll talk to him? I never know what to say to him. I don't get into him. Whenever I get close he gives me that little smile of his, like a spider's web tightening. The best he's got from whites in Burlington is a kind of acceptance and indifference. If he got fired tomorrow, people'd say, 'That's too bad. The nigger was a pretty good coach, wasn't he? I wonder who'll get his job. Maybe we'll get Frye back.'"

Dr. Proffitt substantially agreed. "I doubt if whites will ever feel emotionally committed to Jerome Evans as they were to Frye," he said. "But that's his strength. I wanted a pragmatist at Williams, not a flag-waver. Evans would need to be a wonderfully sophisticated organism to perform the type of job he's done and still attract people emotionally. His job wasn't to deal with people on a personal level but as a representative of the Blacks. What annoyed me was that everyone talked all year about how much more appealing Frye was than Evans. But damn it, style isn't as important as substance. A person's charisma is frequently irrelevant to his

ability to get a job done. So Frye was charismatic. Did people think this would get us safely through the year in this town? Shoot, I removed Frye not because he cussed a little but because I was afraid he would use his ability to get people emotionally committed to him in a cold and ruthless way—just as he tried to get his players to leave school for him without any thought to the boys' futures."

Epilogue:

Jerome Evans and I are driving along Highway 85 toward Durham. It is a stiffling hot Saturday, but in his new station wagon, with its humming air conditioner, it is chilly. Evans reaches over and pushes a button on the car radio. A man's voice is saying: "If you're 6 foot 8 and black, you don't have to play basketball in order to go to college anymore. You can obtain a student loan from North Carolina Mutual. . . ." Evans looks at me with a sly grin. "This is a black car," he says. "You ever ride in a black car before?"

"No, what makes it black?"

"All the radio buttons are set to black stations. That's all I listen to," and he punches another button. An announcer is giving the starting lineups for the North Carolina Central vs. Charlotte-Smith football game. Both are black schools. "We're late," says Evans, and he presses down on the accelerator.

This is the first time Jerome Evans and I have gone out socially. Although we have gotten along as well as, if not better than, we expected in the weeks I have been in town, he has repeatedly declined suggestions that he and his family go out to dinner with me. "It isn't necessary," he would say. When I had first come to Burlington, with Evans' approval, to write a book, he avoided me constantly. He was often an hour late for scheduled interviews, and sometimes failed to show up entirely. Finally, an exasperation, I asked him why he consented to have the book written when obviously he had no stomach for the project. "It's my insurance policy," he said, and then went on to explain that if it were written down, plain to see, that he had not made one single mistake, one error of judgment, it would be impossible for him to be fired.

As we approached Durham we passed

cars filled with well-dressed whites waving University of North Carolina banners. "My assistant coaches wanted me to go to the UNC game," Evans says. "I told them I'd promised to take you to see NCC play. You were a good excuse to get out of their invitations."

"Thanks a lot."

"What's there for me, anyway?" he says. "Nothing. They'll all be white, and I won't be able to relax. And when they go to those postgame parties, what am I gonna do, start talking to some white girl? Wouldn't that be beautiful? Everyone in Burlington would be saying Jerome Evans wants a white girl. They'd love that. No sir, I'd rather go to NCC. I know everyone there. I feel comfortable. I'm no black separatist or anything like that. But it's too late for me, I'll never mix. I've got a lot of hate buried in me and I want to keep it buried. If I mix too much it might come out."

"I'm satisfied with the way things are. More than satisfied. I've reached my goal in life. I don't want to go any higher. I'll let other blacks become leaders of my people. I'd lived in the black world for so long, I had no desire to leave it. Then they closed Sellers, and I had to. Everything that happened this year was new to me. But now that I'm dealing with whites, I don't care if they like me or not. I don't even want them to like me. I'd be content if they just acknowledged me as a good coach and a man."

The NCC campus consists of modern brick buildings spread over rolling hills. In a valley sits the football stadium. It really is not a stadium but wooden stands on either side of a field that has a number of brown patches on it. The buildings, the field and the campus remind me of the few black homes I have visited in Burlington. They are new, plain and functional, without any signs of a tradition or culture of their own.

We walk through the gate, admitted on Evans' coach's pass, and someone calls out "Little Willie, how's my man?" Evans smiles at a heavyset black and then says to me, "My nickname in college. Would you believe he was a teammate of mine? He's gotten fat."

Evans excuses himself for a minute and goes to the men's room. I am standing in an open space between the field and the entrance gate. To the right is a tent where black women are barbecuing spare ribs. The smell of sweet sauce and

continued

The Man continued

burning pork is all about me. The game is in progress, the two teams huddled over the ball near the 50-yard line. They are all black. The referees, tall, raw-boned men in spotless white pants and black-and-white-striped shirts, are black. Patrolling the sidelines, just as at every football game in the country, are overage, paunchy policemen. They, too, are black. Behind what must have been the NCC goal a group of black women are watching a mass of children playing in the leaves. On a rise overlooking the field a group of black men are standing, talking and arguing and laughing and passing paper cups of rum back and forth. The stands are filled with 10,000 people: older men—alumni—in suits with hair that is slicked and gleaming, their women, plump, pants-suited, with straight hair upturned at the ends; younger men—students—with Afros, goatees, beards, sunglasses and sullen faces; young women in dungaree bell-bottoms and tight sweaters, with bushy Afros and that pouty Angela Davis look that has become popular.

Suddenly I am aware that my face is the only white one among these thousands of blacks. Evans has not returned.

There is a flutter feeling in my stomach, the kind actors must get before they go onstage before a vast audience. My head feels light, airy, as it must be with pot, and for the first time in my life I am acutely conscious of myself, of my presence, of existing somehow differently from those around me. I feel everyone must notice this difference, and that is why they stare. A girl walks by on the arm of her boyfriend. They do not even cast a curious glance in my direction. Was that deliberate? Three more girls pass, one looking quickly over her shoulder and then whispering to her friends, who begin to giggle among themselves.

When Evans reappears I relax slightly, but as we walk toward the stands I feel a tightening in my facial muscles and realize that for some insane reason I am smiling at his every word. When we reach the edge of the stands I am momentarily terrified. Is he going to lead me past all those black faces until he finds a seat on the 50-yard line? I can see them turning, an entire bleacher of black faces riveted to me as I walk past. But, mercifully, Evans sees a seat just above and begins climbing between people, motioning for me to follow. I step onto the first plank: a black man slides away without looking up at me. Was he angry that my foot almost touched his coat, annoyed, indifferent? I move between people who make room for my feet until halfway up, there is no opening. I am standing idiotically in front of a girl who does, really does, resemble Angela Davis. She makes believe she does not notice me. "Excuse me," I say. Again that uncontrollable smile. "Excuse me," I say louder, maybe too loud, I think. She looks up, unsmiling and moves over. "Thank you," I say, and step quickly to the top of the bleachers where Evans has made a place for me a little apart from the other fans. I sit down, sweating, mentally exhausted from that climb.

I do not recall much of the game. It is a blur. I remember only being so conscious of my presence among those black faces that I did not say one word or raise a hand to scratch an itch or cross a leg without first replaying the word or act over and over in my mind until I was sure that it was an acceptable word or act and that certainly no one about me could take exception to it. I do remember Evans talking a lot and getting

so engrossed in the game that he began yelling, "You stupid, boy, you just plain stupid!" every time one of the NCC players fumbled or dropped a pass. I remember also the NCC band coming on the field at halftime, twisting and singing, and Evans telling me that once the school's bandleader had tried to get the group to perform like a white band and they were booed loudly by the fans. When the majorettes appeared in shimmering tights, the crowd began cheering and clapping. The girls began to twist, and a man a few seats down from us looked through his binoculars and started hollering, "Lorda mercy, Lorda mercy, I was born 20 years too soon."

"Hey, man, let me at those things," said Evans. The man handed him the glasses. Evans looked down at the girls and said to no one in particular, "Now, that's one helluva game. Yes sir, one helluva game down there." The man who owned the glasses laughed.

We left before the game was over. I followed Evans down the bleachers, making sure to move directly into the cleared spaces people made for him. He led me past the middle-aged men who had stood throughout the game on the rise at one end of the field. They waved and called to him.

"I usually stand over there at the games," Evans told me, "although lately they've been kidding me because I won't drink much with them. They say that since I got the job at Williams I've gone white. I try to remind them that I never drank that much at our games. But they'll never believe me now that I have showed up with a white man. You know, you gonna get me in trouble. Run my name in the community," and he started laughing.

Was he kidding. I wondered. Or was he really ashamed to stand with his friends because of me?

When we arrived back in Burlington it was still light. I got out of the car, thanking Evans for taking me along. He said it was nothing and drove off. Across the street I could see William, the colored boy who served as the bellhop for the Alamance Motel. William, who is over 70, was helping a white man take the luggage out of his car. As I crossed the street, I realized that I had relaxed considerably. I was on familiar ground again.

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YESTERDAY

Yer Out! And You! And You!

The fifth game of the 1920 Series ranks with the wildest ever, and not just because Wamby caught himself three Dodgers by JIM KAPLAN

When the subject of the greatest game in World Series history is brought up, several obvious choices are always mentioned. Don Larsen's perfect game in 1956 is usually at or near the top of everyone's most easily recalled list. The seventh game in 1955, when Sandy Amoros made his game-saving catch and the Dodgers won their first Series, and the fourth game in 1947, in which Coolidge Lavagetto broke up Bill Bevens' no-hitter, are others that rank high among the alltimes of modern memory. If you are something other than a Dodger fan, of course, you may think first of the 1932 game in which Babe Ruth did or did not point to center field against the Cubs before hitting a home run there. St. Louis fans always mention Enos Slaughter's streak from first to home in 1946 against the Red Sox.

The fact is, there can be no "greatest" Series game to serve all the requirements of regionalism, excitement and human temperament. But there was one game—hardly ever mentioned among the most memorable—that has much to offer as a candidate for supergame. The fifth game of the 1920 Series between Brooklyn and Cleveland, if remembered at all, is usually mentioned only for Bill Wambaugns' unassisted triple play for the Indians in the fifth inning. Yet this was the game in which—thanks partly to the fact that it came early enough in Series history—more notable records were set than in any game in the postseason classic up to that time. There was, of course, Wambaugns' bizarre and spectacular play, but there were also the first grand-slam homer, the first home run by a pitcher and a couple of other obscure marks. If nothing else, the fifth game of the 1920 Series gave its successors something to shoot at. Billy Evans, the late American League umpire, once called the contest "an entire season . . . crowded into 8½ innings of play."

A game of such proportions was not out of keeping with the eventful 1920 season as a whole. The Boston Braves and

Brooklyn Dodgers had played a 26-inning game on May 1. And a young Yankee outfielder named Babe Ruth had nearly doubled his home-run record of 29, hitting 54. There were other, more sinister strains to the 1920 season. A fortnight before the Series opened, the 1919 Black Sox scandal broke, upstaging such news as the presidential campaign, the debate over the League of Nations and the census (105,683,000 "without colonies"). On Aug. 16 Carl Mays, a Yankee hurler who pitched with a deceptive underhand motion, had hit Ray Chapman, the Cleveland shortstop, on the head. Chapman died within 24 hours. A brief movement to throw Mays out of baseball sprang up—Mays had stirred a controversy the year before by quitting the Red Sox in midgame one day and then being sold to the Yankees—but quickly dissipated. But Cleveland was without the services of one of its regulars in its clash with the Dodgers.

Despite the turmoil, there was the usual interest in the World Series. National League champion Brooklyn had played in one previous Series, losing to the Red Sox four games to one in 1916. The American League champion Cleveland Indians were playing in their first Series.

Cleveland had won a three-cornered pennant race with New York and Chicago; at the end of the season only three games separated the teams. Tris Speaker, the former Red Sox outfielder, was Cleveland's playing manager and best (.388) hitter. Jim Bagby, a 31-game winner, headed a pitching staff that also included 20-game winners Stan Coveleski and Ray Caldwell.

The Indians, who wore black arm-bands during the Series in memory of Chapman, were a sober contrast to the daffy Dodgers. It was Brooklyn's seventh year under Manager Wilbert (Uncle Robbie) Robinson, and the Dodgers were perfect charges for the porky (5' 8½", 215 pounds) absentminded leader, even to the extent that they became

known for a few years as the Robins. (Once during a Giant game Robinson and several players not in the lineup that day had sprawled on the grass outside the foul lines to watch an eclipse of the sun through smoked glasses.) During the Series itself, Pitcher Rube Marquard was to be arrested for ticket scalping and Owner Charles Ebbets for handing out small test tubes of Prohibition whiskey. When they were serious, however, the Dodgers/Robins were good, winning the pennant that year by seven games over the Giants. Burleigh Grimes was their best pitcher (23-11), and Zack Wheat played the outfield, hitting .328.

The first game was played at Ebbets Field and may have been an augury of things to come. The Indians won 3-1 in a stiff wind that played tricks with the ball. George Burns set the tone by circling the bases on a pop fly that eluded two infielders and was subsequently thrown away, an event that Brooklyn starter Marquard, his teammates and the capacity crowd of 23,573 never fully recovered from. Brooklyn took the second game 3-0, and the story of the game was, as *The New York Times* commented, that "Grimes' spitball was working famously." The Dodgers won the third game 2-1 when singles by Zack Wheat and Hy Myers in the first inning batted across all the runs Pitcher Sherry Smith needed.

As the train carrying the Indian players pulled into Cleveland before the fourth game, Mayor W. S. Fitzgerald urged his constituents to support the club. "They will win the Series," he said, "if Cleveland backs them the way it backed the pennant fight. I ask that Cleveland . . . show in every way possible its appreciation." Home fans were appropriately stimulated, and the Indians reciprocated by squaring the Series with a 5-1 victory. The stage thus was set for climactic Game 5.

Spectators tolerated immense traffic jams as they traveled to the game in taxis, trolley cars and carriages. Gaily colored pavilions along the foul lines provided a colorful note at League Park. Some 6,500 new seats had been installed in the outfield, increasing the old wooden stadium's capacity to 28,000 for the Series. Outside the park spectators hung, more or less, from telephone poles, trees and rooftops. Horns, cowbells and auto sirens augmented the crowd's cheers as the managers and umpires briskly con-

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World Series *continued*

cluded their affairs at home plate and
the game began.

Brooklyn appeared to be the logical
favorite. Grimes had throttled the In-
dians on seven hits in the second game,
and the losers had conferred anxiously
over how to handle his spitter. Nor had
Cleveland starter Jim Bagby been over-
powering when he had faced Grimes the
first time.

Bagby managed to survive a shaky
first inning without harm, though he al-
most allowed a run when he uncorked
a wild throw that Catcher Steve O'Neill
just managed to save. Charlie Jamieson
led off for Cleveland in the first with a
single. Wambegans, or Wamby as he
was popularly known, attempted to sac-
rifice but had to hit away when the count
went to two strikes. He singled, Jamie-
son moving to second. Speaker also tried
to sacrifice and got credit for a single
when Grimes slipped trying to field his
bunt. The bases were loaded, nobody
out. The cleanup hitter, 28-year-old
Rightfielder Elmer Smith, stepped in. He
had just had his best season, hitting with
both power (37 doubles, 10 triples, 12
home runs) and frequency (.316).

A Cleveland *Plain Dealer* reporter sta-
tioned outside his building where a tally
board had been set up spotted among
the crowd of 7,000 a pretty young wom-
an with a red velvet hat. "Oh, Elmer
Smith!" she was reported saying. "Oh
Elmer, put it over the fence! Just once!"

A man standing with the lady chided
her. "A little single would be good
enough."

Smith, a left-handed hitter, missed the
first two pitches and took a ball. The
fourth pitch came in waist-high, and he
met it squarely. Looking, as one report
termed it, like "a quinine pill," the ball
arched high over the infield, the out-
field and the right-field fence, landing
on the far side of Lexington Avenue. It
was the first grand-slam home run in
World Series history.

Though it was only the first of many
records that day, the slam would have
sufficed for most of those who witnessed
it—certainly for the Dodgers, whose
troubles were only starting. Despite
Ruh's heroics, homers were compar-
atively rare at the time, and grand slams
were grist for an entire season. A Series
grand slam was cause for ecstasy. Men
and boys vaulted over the stands to do
war dances on the outfield grass. Stran-
gers clapped each other on the back. A

continued



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World Series *continued*

vendor at the *Plain Dealer* impulsively handed out free sandwiches. The reaction of the lady in the red velvet hat is not recorded.

The Indians finished Grimes off with one out in the fourth. Doc Johnston was on third and Steve O'Neill—who had just set the game's least memorable record by taking his fifth intentional walk of the Series—was on first. Grimes had passed O'Neill to get to Pitcher Bagby, but it was no day to be playing percentages. Bagby's fly disappeared between the temporary stands in right center and the right-field fence, the first Series homer by a pitcher. There was, as *The New York Times* put it, "wild, barbarous applause."

When Jameson followed with a single, Grimes, who had allowed nine hits and seven runs in 3½ innings, was lifted. For Grimes, who had won 23 games during the season, his reversal of form was as puzzling as it was humiliating. What he and the Dodgers learned later was that the Indians had "keyed" on Grimes' splitter. Larry Gardner, the Indian third baseman, told how the Indians had picked up the giveaway sign—a habit of Brooklyn's second baseman Pete Kilduff of picking up a handful of dirt between pitches. He quickly discarded the dirt on all pitches, except when Grimes was about to throw his splitter. On those occasions he held onto the dirt until the last moment. Indian First Baseman George Burns detected his quirk and tipped off his teammates. (After the Series, Grimes—aware he was being had—went to the Cleveland dressing room and asked the players how they had done it. "We gave him the mystery business," Gardner said years later. "Told him it was a secret, but we'd keep it in the lodge. Grimes scratched his head and walked out.")

By going to the showers Grimes missed the prize moment of the game and Series, the only triple play in Series history. Indeed, it was Grimes' replacement, Clarence Mitchell, who hit into the play in the fifth inning. The situation was as follows as Mitchell came to bat:

Kilduff was on second and Otto Miller on first, with no one out. With the runners moving, Mitchell hit a high line drive over second. Wambegans, who had moved over to cover the bag, had plenty of time to set himself and jump. He caught the ball and came down almost on top of the base, easily dou-

bling up Kilduff. Miller, meanwhile, had almost reached second and had no time to stop before he crashed into Wambey. It not only was the first unassisted triple play in Series history, but the first in any ball game since Cleveland's Neal Ball had managed the feat on the same field in 1909.

Unlike the grand slam, which produced spontaneous eruptions all over Cleveland, the triple play, according to reports, left spectators mute for a full minute. When they recovered, there was another round of, well, wild, barbarous applause. The Indians coasted to an 8-1 victory after that to take a 3-2 lead in the Series. There was one further humiliation for the Dodgers that day. Mitchell hit into a double play his next time at bat, creating another record of sorts: being responsible for five outs in two trips to the plate. The Indians executed two additional double plays, making it a long afternoon for the Dodgers, but a short one for Bagby. The entire game took only an hour and 49 minutes, which probably set another record—for amount of excitement per minute.

If there were a record for luckiest winning pitcher in Series history, Bagby might have set that one, too. He won the game while giving up 13 hits. An important factor, obviously, was the support he got from his fielders, though they were guilty of two errors at non-crucial times.

The Oct. 11 papers put the triple play in better perspective than biographers have. It received only equal billing with the grand slam, and Cleveland's go-ahead win amid all the records was considered the biggest news of all. The remainder of the Series was anticlimactic. The Indians took the next two games and the Series, which in that year it took five to win.

"Kilduff and Miller," wrote Ring Lardner, "got base hits off Bagby, the master mind, and Mitchell cleared the bases with a line drive to Wwambegans. An expert cuckoo sitting in the press box told me that it was the first time a man named Wambegans had ever made a triple play assisted by consonants only."

"The only credit I really take," said Wambey afterward, "was in making the catch." Humility came easy to the man who that year had led all American League second basemen in the commission of errors.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 28-Oct. 4

BASEBALL—National League: The Western Division fell straight down to the final day of the season, with SAN FRANCISCO beating San Diego 5-1 on Juan Marichal's four-hitter to finish six games ahead of Los Angeles, which defeated Houston 2-1. Willie Stargell of Pittsburgh, the Eastern Conference winner, topped the league in home runs (40), edging Atlanta's Henry Aaron by one. St. Louis, the runner-up to the Pirates, had two players who dominated the rest of the off-season statistics: Joe Torre led in batting (.363) and RBIs (137) and Lou Brock in runs (124) and stolen bases (44). New York's Tom Seaver (25-10) had the lowest ERA (1.76) and the most strikeouts (220), breaking his year-old NL record for a right-handed, white pitcher. Other 20-game winners were Steve Carlton of St. Louis (23-9) and Al Downing of Los Angeles (23-5).

East: N.Y. 92-85, St. L. 90-72, NY 83-78, Chi 81-78, Wash 71-86, Phi 67-92.
West: SF 90-72, LA 89-73, Atl 87-86, Cn 79-81, Wash 78-81, SD 65-92.

American League BALTIMORE: The Eastern Division leader, won all 11 games to finish with 91 victories, the same number as Oakland, the Western Division winner. Chicago's Bill Melton had three home runs in his last two games to win the home-run title (33) by one over Norm Cash of Detroit and Reggie Jackson of Oakland. Minnesota's Tony Oliva led in batting (.377). Harmon Killebrew of Minnesota (31B), Baltimore's Don Buford in runs (99) and Alan Olin of Kansas City in stolen bases (25). Vince Davis of Oakland (55.1) had the lowest ERA (1.82), while Detroit's Mickey Lolich had the most victories (25-10) and strikeouts (198). Lolich also pitched 75 innings, the most in the AL in 50 years. Other 20-game winners were Whitford Wood (22-12) of Chicago, Andy Messersmith (20-13) of California, Joe Coleman (20-9) of Detroit, Garth Heister (21-10) of Oakland and Baltimore's Dave McNally (21-9). Phil Dwyer (20-6), Jim Palmer (20-9) and Mike Cuellar (20-9).

East: Atl 100-57, Det 90-71, Wash 85-72, NY 82-88, Wash 81-96, Cin 80-92.
West: Oak 101-55, KC 95-76, Chi 75-83, Chi 78-91, Minn 74-81, Mil 69-92.

BOATING—BOB MOSCARELLO of Houston won the World Sprint Class title off Oyster Bay, N.Y., with a low-point total of 34 to finish T. H. Ray of Chicago's Bruce Goldsmith. Four-time Olympic gold medalist Paul Elvstrom of Denmark finished third in the 55-year-old 34 with 44 points.

FOOTBALL—American Conference: PITTSBURGH won its second game in a row, defeating San De-

go 21-17 (game 28). George Nock's two touch-downs kept the Jets with only 133 so far. Game NEW YORK: A 14-10 upset win over Miami. It was the first victory for the Jets, who had posted 10-0 in the first five minutes of the game. BALTIMORE: Andy Serfati won New England 20-13 as Earl Morrall converted 13 of 17 punts and Jim O'Brien kicked three field goals (41, 42 and 50 yards). Eric Ostrer, Charlie Ostrer booted a 37-yard field goal with five seconds remaining to lift New Orleans to a 13-13 tie with Houston, and KANSAS CITY won its second straight game, defeating media Center 16-3 on Joe Starbuck's three field goals.

National Conference: Charley Hartweg's 57-yard touchdown scamper and Bill Kiser's 50-yard TD pass to Roy Jefferson led undefeated WASHINGTON to a 20-14 upset win over Dallas. It marked the first time in 28 seasons that the Redskins won their first three games, and was only the second first—the first was in the Super Bowl—for the Cowboys in their last 17 games. SAN FRANCISCO knocked Philadelphia 21-17 as John Brodie's three touchdowns paired with the SEATTLE Seahawks defense smothered Dennis Shaw seven times for losses of 39 yards and held Buffalo to 36 yards passing and eight net yards passing as the 9 Seahawks out of the visitors Bills 19-0. Cincinnati left its second game in a row, 26-17 to GREEN BAY, and in starting quarterback, Virgil Carter, the AC's leading passer, when he suffered a shoulder separation early in the game. Rookie John Beckwith scored the Packers to their second straight win with 120 yards rushing in 19 carries. DETROIT edged Atlanta 41-39 as a wild, back-and-forth game for minutes. The NEW YORK Giants scored three touchdowns, including rookie Rocky Thompson's 55-yard kickoff return, in the first half for a 21-3 lead and held on to go 28-16 to Los Angeles. The game the Cardinals at New York split for the week, since they beat the Jets 17-10 in the Monday night game. Chicago lost its first game and LOS ANGELES Coach Tommy Prothro guided his first pro win when the Rams defeated the Bears 17-1.

HARNESS RACING—STRIKE OUT (15:20) driven by Buddy Gellhorn, won the \$11,216 Roosevelt Stakes by three-quarters of a length over Barry Hazzard at New York's Roosevelt Racetrack.

ALBATROSS set a world record for the mile with a 1:34.5 time, then equaled the time in the second heat to win the \$5,865 Lathams Pace at the Lexington (Ky.) Track.

Four-year-old STILADO STAR, with Joe O'Brien driving, set a world time-mile record with a 1:35 mile. Two days earlier ENTREPRENEUR,

driven by Howard Benninger, posted the fastest computerized mile ever in a two-year-old—1:38.9. Both records were set at the Lexington (Ky.) Track.

HORSE RACING—Paul Nelson's MILL BECCA broke the best American-bred horse to win the \$421,000 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris (Sept. 8). WEST COAST SLEIGHT (19:20) won over the \$113,000 Woodward Stakes at New York's Belmont when Cougar II, who finished first by five lengths, was disqualified for fouling in the stretch. In the moved standings, Tazewell was placed second and Cougar II dropped to third.

MOVIE SPORTS—FRANÇOIS CLOUTY of France won the U.S. Grand Prix at Waukegan, Ill. N.Y. (Sept. 23).

TRAIN—MRS. BILLIE JEAN KING became the first woman athlete to win \$100,000 in a year when she beat Rosemary Casals 7-1, 6-1 in the finals of the 12-monthly tennis in Phoenix. The victory in the 1st tournament of the 25-year-old circuit boosted Mrs. King's earnings to \$490,725.

TRACK & FIELD—A HAITIEN shot clipped 3 off the winning 800-meter relay world record with a 3:36 in Paris.

WEIGHT LIFTING—The U.S.S.R. dominated the world championships in Leningrad, Pers with sixers in six of the nine weight classes and 51 points. Poland was second with two winners and 24 points. Bulgaria third with 25 points. Thirty other gold medals went to Japan. The U.S. finished sixth in the men's tournament with 13 points. KEN PALTRA, second in the 100-pound weight class, was the only American to place.

MILWAUKEE—RETIREE: BOB BUNNING, 36, the only pitcher in modern baseball history to win 100 games and strike out 1,000 batters in both major leagues. Bunning, whose 1959 record was 24-14, played with Detroit (1955-61) in the American League and Philadelphia (1964-67, 1973-71), Pittsburgh (1968-69) and Los Angeles (1969) in the National, compiling 2,855 strikeouts, second on the all-time list to Walter Johnson. He threw a no-hitter for Detroit in 1958 and a perfect game for Philadelphia in 1964.

RETIRED FRANK CROSETTI, 61, a major-league pitcher and coach since 1950, was retiring after 240 in 17 seasons at a New York Yankee shortstop. Crosetti coached at third base for the Yankees for 21 years before moving on to the Minnesota Twins. Overall, Crosetti played or coached on 23 World Series teams, collecting some \$130,000.

CREDITS

5—John D. Han' 28—Walters letter J, Mail Inc. 62—John J. Man' 50—Globe Photos, AP 64—Tony Hume, 72, P.M.—John' 81—AP, 198—U.S. Air Force Photo, Donald Douglas.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JULIE GUHLIA, 14, of Crookston, Minn., became the youngest golfer ever to win the state women's match-play championship when she beat Barbara Kuhlman of Alexandria 1 up at the North Oaks Golf Club in St. Paul. The next week she won the state juniors.



TED STAREN, of Hunt-dale, Ill., the national junior 12-and-under tennis champion, completed the summer with five straight 0-6-0 victories in the Hinsdale Open. In all, he swept the five singles tournaments he entered and had a 56-1 won-lost record in sets.



DEREK NELSON, 12, averaged 26 points a game to lead the Warriors to a 42-0 record during the Summer Basketball Little League season at Albrook Air Force Base in the Canal Zone. Earlier he had paced his baseball team to a 19-1 record, hitting .396.



DARRYL GREENMEYER, of Las Vegas, set a world record for unaided prop planes by flying his World War I P-51 at a speed of 413.987 mph at the Reno National Championship air races. It was his sixth unaided division win in seven years.



SANDRA GAYLORD, 13, of Los Angeles, won the National Hula Hoop Championship for her three-minute freestyle performance in the finals in Hollywood, beating 11 other regional winners. Competitors began among 750,000 children in 524 cities.



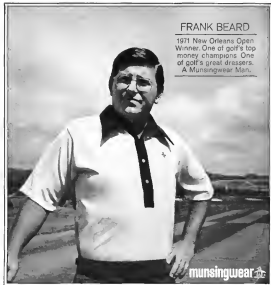
STEVE SCHERTZER, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, who set a record of 6' 4 1/4" for 14-year-olds earlier this year, high-jumped 6' 5 1/2" as a 15-year-old to set an AAU Junior Olympics mark. He has been state javelin champion at age group three years.

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19TH HOLE *continued*

though. Tickets for the ballet are harder to get than tickets for the Super Bowl.

COLIN RUSSELL

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

Encounter with an Athlete was one of the best articles SI has ever produced. It's about time a real athlete like Edward Villala was recognized by the sports world. There is more to athletics than massive globs of beef cracking heads on Sundays or out-of-shape baseball players pulling a hamstring muscle on the way to first base.

THOMAS E. BARNES

Royal Oak, Mich.

PERFORMING SPORT

Sirs:

Your article on Bruno Sammartino (*A Little Army, a Little Ecstasy*, Sept. 27) was a million laughs, but aren't you afraid someone might take it seriously? Anyone who has ever witnessed a legitimate, amateur wrestling match soon realizes that the pro version is nothing but a well-rehearsed gymnastics exhibition with a touch of slapstick comedy. The only way one of those jumbo meatheads ever really gets hurt is when he forgets his script and takes a clumsy prat-fall or gets a nosebleed when his dancing partner forgets to pull a punch.

WALTER E. STAYROOK JR.

Clarion, Pa.

Sirs:

Congratulations and thank you for the article about Bruno Sammartino. It's about time people began to realize that pro wrestlers are athletes. In my opinion, Bruno is the No. 1 athlete.

ROBERTO MUNOZ

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sirs:

Like, wow! You have finally gotten to the man so many people in the Pittsburgh area have come to revere and, to a great degree, love—Bruno Sammartino.

Although I am no longer a resident of that area, I still follow the big fellow whenever possible, glad to see a slight glint of honesty come smiling through an otherwise tainted sport. I am sure you could not find a more honest person than Bruno.

Lee Alan Gutkind has done just a little more than write an article.

ED HAGER

York, Pa.

GENERATION GAP

Sirs:

I read Tex Maule's article *Bigger and Better than Ever* (Sept. 20) regarding the 1951 Rams vs. the 1971 Cowboys with considerable interest and nostalgia. I must say Maule's description of me aroused my com-

continued



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SETH MOLE continued

petrified instincts. I am certainly glad he allowed me a baseball bat to use on Bob Lilly, because I carry the biggest bat in the country!

Maule takes many literary liberties in his article. I am sure the Cowboys of 1971 could beat the Rams of 1951 without any trouble. It is also quite likely that very few players of the 1951 era could make the 1971 NFL teams. But the evolution of man since World War II has been supersensational. I don't know if Maule can figure or not, but 20 years is considered a generation. I can recall when I made grandiose statements at service club and high school banquets that Red Grange couldn't even make the Rams' second team in 1951. The fact that Grange had played 20 years earlier and didn't have the advantage of the current-day nutrition, coaching, etc., didn't even enter my mind.

We had a lot of fun in the early '50s, and the memories are wonderful. I remember a slim, aquiline-faced old man named Sammy Baugh who beat the stuffing out of the 1951 Rams in Washington. Butler Bill Dudley, with broken nose (no face guard) and bloodied, came busting into the middle of the line with direct hand-offs from Baugh. I remember Bones Taylor, 6' 4", 190 pounds, catching passes from Baugh. Building Turner, Marion Motley, Len Ford, Lou Creekmur and Dock Walker at 173 pounds broke up so many games I hate to think about it.

Humility, I am sure, is a state of mind that we are apt to achieve with age. However, I think the record will show that the 1950 and '51 Ram teams still hold scoring records. The '51 team gained almost 1,000 yards against the New York Yankee football team.

DICK DAUGHERTY
Los Angeles Rams
1951-58

Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:

The 1951 Ram team had two qualities the Dallas team never has had and will not have in the near future: a top-notch quarterback and team play. In short, Mr. Maule would have reached a more receptive audience had he sent his article to the editors of *Letters to Lough-In*.

JAMES KERPESTEIN

Milwaukee

Sirs:

Tex Maule certainly leads your staff in controversial football articles. This time, though, he has something. I was an avid rooter for the '51 Rams, as I am for the '71 Cowboys, and the data he cites cannot be gained. Nevertheless, there is a further important factor in the no-dilution equation: the population/education explosion. A little research on the number of people in the pro football age group in 1971 vs. 1951

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19TH HOLE *continued*

1951, and the college-attending population of those same periods reveals that there are more than twice as many of these bigger, faster, better-educated kids available for the pros to choose from.

It should be a consolation to any old-timer—and rooters for oldtimers—that progress would have worked for their idols, too. If Andy Robustelli had been born in the '40s instead of the '20s, he would be 6' 4" and 255 pounds with one-tenth of a second more speed in the 40.

JOHN TOMMAY

Griffins AFB, N.Y.

Sirs:

Please remind Tex Maule that the Dallas Cowboys still don't win the big ones.

DON FUGIA

Palmetto, Fla.

TIGHTENING THE REINS

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED hardly told the whole story when only one paragraph (SCORECARD, Sept. 20) was devoted to the investigation of irregularities at Pocono Downs by the Pennsylvania Harness Racing Commission.

By mentioning only the single 30-day suspension handed to Gaston Guindon by the Pennsylvania commission has done. This is far from the truth. As the executive secretary of the commission, I have filed criminal charges against three horsemen involved in the irregularities. They have been charged with conspiracy to commit bribery in athletic contests—a charge that carries a penalty of 10 years in jail and a fine of \$10,000.

I expect to file similar charges against two other people in the near future. In addition, one driver, Clement Posson, has received a one-year suspension, and 10 other horsemen have received indefinite suspensions. Many of these people will never race again. As for Guindon, he asked for a grant of immunity in return for testifying before the Pennsylvania Crime Commission. Since it was felt that his evidence was necessary and that he was a minor figure in the irregularities, this immunity was granted. He since has made three trips into Pennsylvania to aid the commission in its investigation.

He stands ready to testify for us in criminal prosecutions.

JOHN P. COWAN

Harrisburg, Pa.

• The Pennsylvania commission's vigilance is to be applauded. Its plan to ask for criminal prosecution of guilty drivers may stop the scandalous fixing of races at Pocono Downs.—ED.

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Every XL-100 console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube for vivid lifelike color. You get color that won't shift or fade even after hours



of continuous viewing. And you get that vivid color and sound the instant you turn the set on.

The tuning's a snap.



XL-100's advanced tuning system makes color tuning virtually foolproof! Even if the kids tiddle with the color dials, you just press a button and beautiful color snaps back, because XL-100 features AccuMatch, RCA's automatic color monitor that locks color within a normal range.

Priced right for every budget.

With over 40 models to choose from, there's an XL-100 that's just right for your place. And your budget. See them today, and start enjoying all the fun of color TV built to last!



Backed by RCA's Purchaser Satisfaction warranty!

Here are the basic provisions of our XL-100 "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty ("PS" for short). If anything goes wrong with your new set within a year from the day you buy it, and it's our fault, we'll pay your repair bill—both parts and complete labor. You can use any service shop in which you have confidence—you don't have to pick from some special authorized list.

If your set's affordable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, your serviceman will come to your home. Just present your warranty registration card and RCA pays his repair bill.

If your picture tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.)

In short, the warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

RCA

XL-100

100% Solid State AccuColor



The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain ... but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"

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